SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1832.

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REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS.

Our news from France the past week are very important and have excited great interest. The Sunday Extras gave us the particulars of the bloody insurrection in Paris, which resulted in the defeat of the Carlists and the mob by the National Guards.

The occasion seized upon to commence these revolutionary measures was the funeral of that distinguished citizen and soldier Gen. Lamarque. Who but the French would select such a scene to arouse the worst passions of our nature, and commence the butchery of citizens? Scarcely had they deposited the body of the man to whom they were paying the last sad honors, when amid all the pomp and circumstance of the solemn scene, the tumult began, the streets were thronged—blows succeeded insult, followed in a very short time by a most severe and bloody conflict. The French seem to have a great *penchant* for letting blood, and civic battles are getting quite as common as civic feasts. The ball once set in motion shortly becomes a power almost irresistible. Love of military glory is the strongest passion of the French; and the honor acquired by the combatants in the last revolution has doubtless engendered an emulation among the citizens of Paris, which burns to display itself on the slightest pretence. The scholars of the Polytechnic School were so flattered by the nation for their bravery in the revolution of July, that 'tis not singular they again have plunged in the bloody scene, fighting in the most reckless and desperate manner—but poor fellows, they now espoused a sinking cause, and the King has closed their school and dispersed them.

Phillipe appears to have acted with a promptness and decision reminding us of the times of Napoleon. He immediately made his appearance in Paris, attended by his son the Duke of Nemours, assembled his councillors, issued a proclamation, at once manly and unequivocal, paraded the streets, accompanied by his staff, giving orders to his troops, encouraging his friends, and promising protection for the wives and children of those who were slain: It is only by such energetic measures the King can hope to retain his situation on the throne to which he has been raised by the voice of the people. The National Guard seem filled with loyalty and courage. Their numbers had increased to 30,000. In all their attempts to rout the revolutionists, their efforts were crowned with success. Viewing these terrific scenes as occasioned by the influence of the Carlists, and that love of change and spirit of insubordination so characteristic of a Parisian mob, we confess our gratification to learn that the revolutionists have met with so signal a defeat.

By the latest accounts, Paris had become quiet and the citizens had resumed their usual occupations.

Emigration Extraordinary.—A gentleman, a day or two since, discovered, on the road leading to Cranston, innumerable *rat* tracks; the road appeared to be beat down by the feet of those animals. The same appearance has also been discovered in the road to Johnston. Another gentleman discovered, very early one morning last week, an army of *rats*, amounting at least to three thousand, on the road to North Providence.

Those whose houses, barns, and stables, have been infested with these animals, have remarked their total disappearance during the last week.

The departure of the rats from our city is attributed to their dislike to a city form of government; not that like some bipeds they feared the expense, but because the existing cleanliness, produced in part by chloride of lime, was not congenial to their nature.—*Providence Journal.*

Like Father like Son.—In personal courage, the great Frederick was the heir of his absurd father; and in personal chastity he may be reckoned his superior. On this point, Frederick William piqued himself greatly; and, even in his last reckoning with his ghostly comforter, he appears to have looked upon it as the sheet-anchor of his safety. "You have sinned against God," said the ecclesiastic; "your have been tyrannical, irreligious," &c. "I confess it," replied the king at each accusation, "but I have never been unfaithful to my wife; and I trust that God, on account of that, will pardon me the rest."

When his son, Frederick the Great, who never visited even his wife but once a year, was reproached with his fondness for dogs, and with the injury these animals did to the blue satin covers of his drawing-room chairs—"Ay, ay," said he, "but if I kept a *Madam Pompadour*, she would cost me a great deal more, and would not be half so grateful!"—*Athenæum.*

Mr. Amos, in a lecture lately delivered on medical jurisprudence, related the following singular fact:—"I may mention a fact, which of course does not appear in the printed trial. Patch's counsel, then Serjeant Best, pressed the prisoner, in conference before the trial, to say whether he was not left-handed, as the evidence proved that the murder was committed by means of a pistol shot by a left-handed man. The prisoner protested that he was not; but, being called upon to plead and put up his hand, he answered 'Not guilty,' and *raised his left hand!*"

"Won't you *accept* of a song?" said an itinerant ballad vender to a passenger the other day. "Now," said he of the song and elegy, "since you have accepted my present, I would not refuse a few cents, if you should offer them to me."—*Lowell Compend.*

Laughable Mistake.—In a neighboring town, some weeks past, a man who had been paying his devotions to the bar of a tavern, left in company with several others for his home; arriving in front of a shed, which in his heated imagination he took for his house, he went in, undressed himself, and went to bed in the manger, as comfortable as rum could make him; a person passing in the morning, heard him grumble forth, "my dear, do get up and make some fire, for I'm most froze."

A New Office, and No Sinecure.—It is confidently reported in a Southern paper, that a new office has been created by the U. S. Government; and that Davy Crockett, late M. C. has been appointed to fill it. This is no other than to take his station on the highest point of the Alleghany Mountains, and wring off the tail of the Comet, as it comes over.

Naming Streets.—The fashion which of late has become very general in every country village, of naming streets, is marvellously convenient. We noticed one *street* in a country village, the other day which has

"One *local habitation* and a name."

A single dwelling house and a sign board, bearing the name of the "street," being the only signs of inhabitants to be met in a mile's distance.—*Lowell Compend.*

STAG HUNTING BY LIONS.

Hunting lions on foot, or on horseback, or lions hunting by themselves, is said to be a glorious sight. Unlike the crouching and dastardly tiger, they do not lie in ambush to surprise their prey at night, but take the field with the dawn—drag cover, and give chase to the first animal that breaks it, be it what it may, while the forest trembles with their thundering voices.

We find in the "Adventures of a Younger Son," a finely written story of a lion hunting the deer in India, which we commend to our readers.

"A herd of wild buffaloes, the largest I had ever seen, came out to graze within a little more than musket-shot from us. Suddenly I sprung on my feet at hearing a confused noise, like the rumbling of a thunder-storm, or distant guns at sea. The woods seemed in motion: jackals, foxes, and dappled deer came bounding out of the forest; the herd of black buffaloes ceased to graze, and turned towards the place whence the noise proceeded. A large flock of glittering peacocks, and other birds, flew screaming over our heads. A pelican that I had watched making prize of a snake, dropped it within a yard of my feet and flew away. Our little wire-haired elephants, feeding on the shrubs beneath us, looked terrified, and their keepers left them, and crawled up the rocks. I watched the opening in the dark forest, which was half-screened by thick and thorny bushes, when presently a mohr of the elk-kind burst cover, and, with one long, magnificent bound, appeared in the plain. In his stature he was far beyond those which are known in Europe, and his tusted brow stood as long as that Malay's spear. At the same instant, a single, clear, deep, terrific roar, like a burst of thunder, announced the hunting lion. He forced his way through bush and briar, with his nose to the ground, followed by four others. On entering the plain, he seemed for some moments endeavoring to catch the scent in silence, his nose always to the ground. Having, as it appeared, hit it, he again gave a roar, which was now echoed by all the others; and pursuing the track of the stag, he started off at a long gallop, the rest following close in a line at his heels. I remarked, if any of them attempted to break the line, or pass him, he checked them with his voice, which became deeper and more growling.

"The elk, taking the upper ground, went at an eagle's speed along the margin of the river, leaving the lions far behind. In attempting to leap the river from a ledge of rock, the opposite bank gave way, and he rolled in; then wading down, he stopped an instant as if to bathe and brace his limbs, the voices of the lions now in full chorus nearing him. He ascended a slope, and crossing, came towards us in the deep, dry channel of the torrent.

"I should have observed that the leading lion, when he passed through the herd of buffaloes, took no other notice of them than as they appeared to have puzzled him in regaining the scent of the stag. The buffaloes stood their ground, without budging to make way for the lions, as if fearless of attack; and my guides assured me these animals are more than a match for the fiercest lion, and that any one of them could kill two or three tigers. However that may be, as the lion passed through the line of these huge oxen, his grisly and erect mane, and shaggy tail, waved above them. It was clear he hunted by scent, and not by sight; instead of crossing the river in the nearest direction to where the stag now was, he nosed him to the spot where he had leaped, then wading to the opposite bank where the stag had fallen, he also followed the course of the stream, ascended the slope, and, ever in the track of his prey, crossed into the torrent's bed.

"In all probability the poor stag had received some injury from his fall. His speed decreased, while that of the lions was augmented, and their voices grew louder as they neared the chase. The stag had passed the rocky ledge on which I stood, soon followed by the full pack. I had a good view of them, the first was on old, gaunt brute, his black skin shining through his thin, starred, red-dish hair; his tail was bare and draggled, and the hair on his mane was clotted together; his eyes looked dim and bloodshot; his huge lower jaw was down, and his tongue hung out like a wearied dogs's. He however kept the lead, followed by a lioness, and three male cubs almost fully grown. The stag now made attempts to ascend the bank, as if to regain the jungle, but the loose shingle gave way, and he lost much ground. He seemed also, as the chase gained on him, to be panic-struck by their roars; and, again falling when he had ascended three parts of the steep acclivity, he was unable to rise. The roaring of the lions was magnificent, as the head one, erecting his mane, and lashing his sides with his tail, bounded in on him with a mighty spring. Then with one paw on his body, he growled the others off, and leisurely began his breakfast, his family stealing aside with limbs and fragments which he tore away and scattered about."

The Earl and Countess of Belmore were released from their unpleasant detention of Quarantine on Tuesday, when they came up to town and took lodgings at the City Hotel. They have since proceeded on a short excursion up the river, and will return on Saturday and sail for England in the fine new packet ship Philadelphia, on Monday. The prevailing epidemic and other circumstances we understand have induced the noble visitors to abridge the duration of their visit to this country, and they will therefore, forego their intention of visiting Boston, Niagara, the Canadas, &c. The party we learn are in excellent health.

The Albion.

The grounds and gardens of Claremont, King Leopold's estate in England, are in the finest possible order, and not a week passes in which large quantities of grapes, pines, and other forced fruits, are not sent to Brussels for the King's table.

Laporte has become the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre. Capt. Polhill and he were the only competitors, and the rent they offered was nearly equal. He will have possession of the Theatre about the 4th of July. The rent paid for Covent Garden Theatre by M. Laporte to the proprietors, is only £6,900 per annum, but with the ground rent and other similar charges, and the taxes, it will amount to nearly £11,000. M. Laporte takes the theatre, subject to all the engagements which have been entered into.

The extreme delicacy of mind and high breeding indicated by the following story cannot fail of rendering it acceptable to every reader—while the judicious hints it contains illustrate a style of domestic life that strongly commends itself to all lovers of home and quiet by its simplicity, elegance, and refinement.

THE MARRIED MAN'S STORY.

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, to meet unexpectedly a friend, from whom I was many years separated. We had been mostly educated together, having passed our boyhood at the same school, our youth at the same university; but our fortunes were different. He, born to wealth, left college to mix with the world at home and abroad; while I turned to the profession I had long since made choice of, and began to lag my weary way towards independence.

We were both a good deal changed. My friend had lost much of the gay buoyancy of manner, much of the merry, happy, careless flow of spirits for which he had once been remarkable. I was less grave than I had been reckoned during our former acquaintance. We had much to say of different chances that had occurred to us; and I found, that though altered in manner, in habits, and in character, we met the same to each other as we had parted.

It was getting late in the day, and I asked my friend if he would go home to the small house I occupied, and dine quietly with my wife and me. He agreed instantly, shook hands with me in his own lively way, as he thanked me for asking him, and we turned into the street in which I lived. I must own I felt some little uneasiness at the thought of introducing my wife, as I had often spoken of her to my friend, and I dreaded, lest she should not find the portrait faithful. In fact, I mistrusted my own judgment till it should be confirmed by hers; not that in words she would tell me that we differed, but I knew too well in look and manner to be deceived.—I did not feel quite easy either at the idea of presenting my friend. His admiration would in no degree alter my sentiments towards her: but I felt I should be ill satisfied unless he thought her, in the course of one short evening, all I had found her during the three happy years of our union. My heart beat as I ran up the steps.—I coloured as I pulled the bell. The door was opened by our only man servant, and I myself ushered my friend up stairs.

My wife was dressed with extreme neatness, though she expected we were to dine alone; and she was sitting, as usual, at her work table, when the sound of my steps upon the stairs made her raise her head. She came forward to meet me; and when I named my friend, she turned to him, come him with a grace and gayety that made him sure of his reception. She placed him beside her on the sofa, and I was soon at ease as to first impressions. We had not far to go to dinner.—The lower part of the house being occupied by my chambers of business, our public room on the first floor, and a still smaller library opening out of it. In this library we dined. The dinner was ordered with neatness and taste, and served without display in an apartment simply furnished. My wife is not one of those who, to make parade upon occasions, lessen the comforts of our every day life. She has never, since we were married, set before me a dinner I might not have brought a friend to partake of; nor has she ever appeared before me in a dress she could not have worn on occasions of ceremony. Yet our expenses do not by any means, come up to our limited income. It is true our wants are few; but we increase our luxuries as we go on. We do not live in the world, but we live much in society; society that we like, and that likes us and assimilates with us.—All this, and more, in the warmth of my heart, I told my friend over a bottle of my best wine, when my wife rose and left; and we were still upon the same theme when we joined her again at the tea table. He began to rally us upon our way of life and he tried to persuade her that, in former days, I had played the inconstant among our circle of beauties, being fond to admire, and fickle to change. I saw that in his then mood it were in vain for me to dispute his assertions; so, to divert the time, and, may be, to prevent my wife from thinking of any other, I pleaded guilty to one serious attachment, and offered to tell my story.

"Some years ago," said I, "when it first became the fashion to take shooting quarters in the Highlands, I formed one of a large party who had engaged an extensive tract of moorland for the season. The gamekeeper and the dogs were sent off early in July, and it was settled we were all to dine together at the farm house we rented with the ground, upon the 10th of August. My friends agreed to proceed northwards in a body; but as I dislike exceedingly travelling in that sort of company, I declined forming one of it, and set out by myself, some weeks before, on a tour through a range of my native country I had never yet seen."

At this part of my story my wife laid down her work, and looked up anxiously in my face. I smiled and proceeded:—

"After an interesting and somewhat fatiguing journey, I arrived early on the morning of the 10th of August, at one of the principal towns of the north Highlands. It was market day, and the streets were filled with crowds of well dressed people, thronging in every direction. Several handsome equipages were driving along the crowd, while gentlemen on horseback and foot passengers picked their way carefully through the groups of country people and their wares, who stopped every regular passage. I alighted at a very comfortable inn, and having ordered some refreshment, I set down very contentedly to look over a newspaper which lay upon the table of the parlor I had been shown into, when chancing to raise my head, my eyes fell upon a mirror, which hung upon the opposite wall, between the portraits of General Washington and Mr. Pitt, I was struck with horror at my own appearance. Hastily ringing for the waiter, I inquired whether there were any hair-dressers in town upon whom I might rely. I was told I was within a few doors of the first artist in the country. A man don't like to trust his head to a bungler; but the first step in Mr. Blank's shop convinced me that the waiter had not been wrong in his assertion. When the operation was over, I surveyed myself with much satisfaction in a hand glass, obligingly held to me for the purpose; but not feeling myself at liberty to indulge my contemplation so publicly, I returned as quickly as possible to my hotel, to consult at leisure the mirror which hung upon the opposite wall between the portraits of General Washington and Mr. Pitt. I was perfectly enchanted with the good men. I was cut and curled in the most becoming manner.

Here my wife laughed aloud: my friend, too, smiled; but I took no notice of their interruption.

"The inn stood back from the street, in a large court-yard, the projecting walls of which on each side prevented any view beyond. Across this court-yard numbers of people were constantly passing. I sat down at the open window of my parlor to watch the various groups thus flitting before me. One, in particular, at once engaged my attention; it consisted of an elderly lady in gray, a child in a frock and trowsers, a young lady in white, with pink upon her bonnet, and a captain of a recruiting company quartered in the town. He was apparently saying something extremely amusing, for the lady was laughing violently; and looking up in her mirth, she threw on me, as I sat perched at my window, a pair of the most beautiful black eyes I had ever seen. I fancy mine must have told her so, for she had not gone many steps before she raised those eyes again. Again they met mine, and this time, we both blushed. She withdrew hers quickly, and turned to the recruiting officer: he bowed as in the act of speaking.

The lady in gray appeared to join in the conversation; and they all walked leisurely on towards the projecting wall. Will she look up again! I pushed my well curled head as far as I could out of the window. She holds hers I thought resolutely down. I followed them with my eyes, as they stepped along across the pavement. They reached the wall. The little child ran quickly out of sight. The lady in gray was half concealed. The young lady returned reply to some gallantry of the recruiting officer, and another moment she was gone. I drew my head in hastily, flung my hands before my face, to exclude all light, and again in fancy, those beautiful eyes beamed brightly upon me. After a few minutes I looked up. Crowds of gay passengers still moved on the pavement below, and talked, and laughed, and looked as they passed me. Will she come again? I took out my watch: it was only three o'clock. Again I glanced at the projecting wall, and I followed, eagerly, each succeeding group, as they emerged from behind it. Many a voice deceived me as it approached. Many a party turned the corner to disappoint me.—Four o'clock: she will not come. I rose from the window in despair. As I stood, the sound of a voice I had heard before arrested my attention. There was a laugh, and a stamp, and a jingling noise, and then the end of a sword scabbard pointed out beyond the wall. It was the recruiting officer. Did he come alone? The little child ran forward; the lady in gray put out a foot; and again the eyes from the pink bonnet sought the window. We blushed crimson.—The young lady turned to her never-failing resource, the recruiting officer; I darted forward, seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and followed her. They had reached the hair-dresser's shop, and stopped before it to examine some of the curiosities. The elderly lady in gray took the little child by the hand, and walked on. The young lady prepared to follow her, but as she moved away, she cast one glance towards the window of the inn: it was quite deserted. I neither stirred nor spoke; but I saw from her heightened color she was aware who stood beside her. She held a small nosegay in her hand. She began to pull to pieces the flowers which composed it, and scatter the leaves upon the pavement. A carriage was in waiting at the end of the street; it drew up as the party approached. A footman opened the door and let down the steps, and the recruiting officer handed the ladies into it. He laid his arms upon the door, and stood and talked for some minutes. It was an open carriage; the young lady was leaning thoughtfully against the cushions.—The officer talked longer; at length he bowed, and they drove away. I was standing before a druggist's shop, supporting myself on the brass railing that protected it. As the carriage whirled rapidly past, I ventured one last glance upon the pink bonnet. She was still leaning back against the cushions, and the remains of her nosegay were beside her. As she passed she extended the hand, whiter than snow, which held it, over the side of the open carriage, pressed it for an instant to her breast, her lips, and dropped it gently at my feet. I started forward to receive the precious gift—"

"Oh don't believe him" cried my wife, interrupting me: "it is all a romance, it is indeed; I never looked—I never meant—I—"

I interrupted her in my turn, and seizing the hand she had extended in the energy of the moment, I pressed it, as she had done the nosegay she gave me.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

"The Court Journal may talk of the mischiefs attending a large creation of Peers," said a Londoner at the Garrick Club; "but they were piers to a bridge that would have carried us safe over."

"A very *arch* remark," observed a hearer.

It gives us great regret to learn that the Queen experiences almost daily insult from the populace. At the Ancient Music her Majesty was most grossly insulted.—*Court Journal.*

We believe Lord Grey has fully "made up his mind" to retire from office immediately after the great measure is carried, and to place Lord Durham at the head of affairs. We do not say that the latter resolve will be carried into effect;—but the former we have little doubt of.—*Ib.*

The following paragraph appeared in the London Morning Post immediately prior to the Duke of Wellington's imprudent speech about reform:—"You are going to give a grand dinner—now, recollect! this will be the last dinner you will ever give." Those were the contents of an anonymous letter, addressed to the Duke, who, in his usual fearless manner, left it open on the table for inspection.

Singular Occurrence.—A person, who was an eye-witness, related to us the following curious accident, which happened lately in Springfield, Penn. A mare and colt, in a barn-yard, were playing about, when the mare stepped upon the cover of a well, broke through it, and was precipitated to the bottom. The colt, surprised at the sudden disappearance of its dam, ran into a house near by, in which were sitting a woman and child. After looking around, it retreated with as much precipitancy as it had come in—ran to the well, and jumped down after its dam. In about two hours they were both taken out, without having sustained any material injury, although the well was about 36 feet deep. The water at the bottom probably saved their lives. [Bucks Co. Intel.

TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA.

The tigers leap up;
A loud, long, hoarse cry
Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously
And each hunter, panic stricken,
Felt his heart with terror sicken,
Hearing the tremendous cry. SHELLEY.

As practised in India, Tiger hunting is but little better than killing cats: nor are there any risks attending it, as in Fox-hunting. The sportsmen, and there are generally twenty of them, with twice that number of elephants, encaged in the *houdahs*, each of them having half a dozen loaded double-barrelled guns, charged as fast by servants as they can be fired, are perched in the same security as if on a tree, deer shooting. The sportsman, safely ensconced on the back of the elephant sometimes get a scratch, but it is this noble animal that bears the brunt of the battle, and every thing depends on his sagacity, courage and steadiness. If he won't stand, becomes frightened, or goes off, then indeed the rider's life is in jeopardy; for nothing of which we can conceive, is so dangerous, or so much to be feared, as a helpless elephant in such a situation.

Tigers, however, are not such formidable opponents as have been generally imagined. They lie close and crouching in the long grass, or under bushes when pursued, and are as difficult to get up as quails. It is [illegible] always a shot to move them, and it is only when finding themselves surrounded, and every passage blocked up, that they essay every means to escape, till smarting from wounds and forced by despair, they rush blindly and madly on their pursuers.

With nerve and self-possession, two men with double-barrelled guns would have little to fear, and might boldly go up to the mouth of the den of a tiger, who for cunning and ferocity are far beneath our American Wild Cat or Panther.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying before our Sporting friends a most interesting and graphic sketch of a Tiger Hunt, as given by Trelawny, in his "*Adventures of a Younger Son*," from which we have subjoined many extracts this week. We heartily recommend them as worthy the perusal of *all* our readers, not only for the raciness of the narrative, but the ease and purity of the style and expression.

We pitched our tents on a rocky part of the hill, free from jungle, lighted fires, roasted a young stag, commenced arrangements for the morrow's sport, and slept. Before the dawn, the restless Malay chieftain was calling up his followers, and preparing the elephants, of which he had six.—Soon after it was light every thing was in readiness, and we set forward. Zela, who insisted on accompanying us, was mounted on her small elephant, and encaged in the only covered houdah, ours being all open. We beat about in vain; for though we met with tigers' footmarks in many of the open places, near pools of standing water, the high grass and thick bushes prevented our tracing them to cover. We found, however, abundance of smaller game; deer, wild hogs, and a variety of birds. De Ruyter, having carefully surveyed the neighborhood, came in at night and told us he had tracked three tigers to a thick jungle, near which he had found the bones of an elk-deer, recently killed by them.

With this promise of sport, we started in the morning in great glee; and, as we thought, well prepared for the attack. After riding about two miles, we descended to the plain, and came to an exceedingly thick jungle, with thorny bushes and canes. Around us was the plain covered with very high jungle-grass, and dark weeds, with bushes scattered here and there, but few timber trees. De Ruyter conducted us to the spot where he had discovered the stag's bones, surrounded by moist and torn up earth [illegible] trampled grass, thence we had no difficulty in tracing the tiger's huge paws into the patch of jungle. Here De Ruyter divided our party, so as to block up the only apparently accessible outlets, made by wild beasts; and by these openings we were to enter. The greater proportion of our party was on foot, and seemingly as unconcerned as if going in to hunt weasels. I left Zela, seated in her houdah, at the opening of the wood, guarded by four of her own Arabs.

De Ruyter and myself dismounted to clear a passage; the Malays were divided into two parties; and we were backed by our sailors, whom we cautioned to be careful in the use of their fire-arms, as more was to be feared from accidents with them than from the tigers. De Ruyter expressed great doubts of our elephants' facing one tiger, but it was necessary to try them. In our progress towards the bushes we turned out many deer, hares, and wild cats. We saw also ruins, said to be those of a Moorish palace. Nothing but the sagacity of the elephants could have steered us clear of broken masses of buildings, chasme, and wells overgrown with dank verdure. It was a wild and haunted-looking place, which awed even the sailors in their boisterous mirth, and silenced the ribaldry and obscene threatening of the Malays. The low trumpeting sound and foot-stamping of our elephants gave notice that the tiger's den was near. A vaulted ruin was before us; there was a rustling among the bushes; De Ruyter said, "Be steady, my lads!" and a tiger, the first I had ever faced, finding his passage blocked up, charged us. We fired together, I know not with what effect; for both our elephants slued round and ran away, wild with fear. My mahout threw himself off, and a branch of a tree struck me off. I heard a tremendous war-whoop and fire kept up on all sides. De Ruyter's elephant fell into a half-choked well; but, with his wonted self-possession, he extricated himself.

Leaving the elephants to their fate, we determined not to lose the sport. De Ruyter thought there were more tigers in the den, and we went on foot to drive them out. We got some of the men together, and proceeded to the spot, to which we were directed by the abominable stench, and the dried bones scattered about. The bushes were cleared away, and we heard, as we drew near, back to back, forcing our way onwards, low muttering growls and sharp snarls. "Stand close!" exclaimed De Ruyter, "there is a tigress with her whelps:—have a care; don't fire, my lads, till she breaks cover, and fire low."

A whelp, three parts grown, first came forth to charge us. De Ruyter, expecting the old one would follow, reserved his fire, and cautioned me to do the same. The whelp looked frightened, and slunk away, crouching under a thick bush, where it remained snarling, and thither the other whelps followed. The mother's growl became terrific; a shot at one of the whelps brought her out, lashing her sides, and foaming with rage.—She rushed right on us; I fired both barrels; we then retreated a few paces. The wounded brute staggered after us, and when rising to spring, De Ruyter, who had still reserved his fire, shot her right through the heart. While I was charging my gun, one of the whelps, already wounded, drove against me, and knocked me down; when De Ruyter, with as much coolness as if he had been pigeon-shooting, put his rifle to its ear, and almost blew its head off. Meantime the sailors kept up a fire, till the balls were flying about our heads, on the remaining whelps, which were stealing away wounded. "Let us stand behind this rock," said De Ruyter; "a sailor uses a musket as he does a horse,—he bears down all before him."

A Malay came from the chieftain to tell us the other part of the jungle was alive with tigers—that they had already killed two, and that one of their men was dead. There was now as much noise and confusion as in a naval battle, or at the sacking of a city. A great many escaped on the plain, where it was impossible to follow them.—Several of our men were badly mauled by them, and more by falls: one of the Malays had his spine so injured that he died in great agony.

Uneasy at my long absence from Zela, I went alone (for all our people were scattered) to the entrance of the wood, where I had left her guarded. As I approached the place, I was alarmed at a mingled noise of tigers, elephants, and screaming voices. I hastened on as fast as the thick cover and broken ground would permit. The fierce snarlings of tigers became louder. I passed the spot where I had left Zela, burst through the cover wildly with terror, and, on getting to the open space, beheld a monstrous tiger on the back of her elephant, clinging with his huge claws on the houdah, grasping it with teeth, roaring, and foaming with rage. Zela not visible!—methought he had devoured her! I struck my head with my clenched hand, exclaiming, "Fool! fool!" and for a moment staggered unnerved, while a deathlike sickness came over me. It was but for a moment: my blood renewed its course through my veins like flame. My carbine not being charged, I cast it from me, and, armed with nothing but a long Malayan creese, fierce and fearless, I rushed by a half-grown limping tiger-whelp, whining and gnawing at something, which I passed unheedingly. The elephant was stamping, squealing, and struggling desperately to shake off his enemy. The tiger fell; but within his gripe he held a human victim, bent up, and enveloped in a white cotton garment, such as Zela wore. As I came within a few paces of the tiger, holding his victim down with a paw upon his breast, he glared ferociously on me. While I was rushing in on him, a voice above me, faint and tremulous, said, "Oh, Prophet, guard him!" I heard no more—I was madly striking out my arm, to plunge the weapon in the tiger's throat, while he was in the act of springing on me. The elephant, as if Zela's prayer had been heard, struck the tiger, while his eye was fixed on me, gave him a blow with his hind foot which sent him reeling many paces, and, ere he could recover, I had plunged my creese up to the hilt in his body. A loud shout, drowning the cries of the tiger, elephant, and all others, now burst on my ear, and the Malay chieftain came up, in good time, for so tenacious of life is the tiger that he was still enabled to strike me down with his paw, and, as the whelp had come on me, I should have been torn to pieces but for the chieftain's timely aid. He thrust his spear through the whelp, and buried his dagger twenty times in the body of the tiger; then, dragging the lifeless brute from above me, he helped me up, and said, "Yes, this is very good amusement—I like it! Let's go into the jungle again—there are plenty more of them, and we'll kill them all!" upon which, roaring like a lion, and reeking with sweat and blood, he shook his spear, and darted into the wood again.

My wild and vacant eye fortunately fell on the form of Zela, who was clinging speechless at my feet or I should have died or gone mad. I endeavored to raise her, but my strength had left me. I staggered and fell, clasping her, when for a time I was almost insensible. Recovering, I beheld her safe, saw the dead bodies of the tigers, and found all was quiet near us.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to the bundle of white rags which lay close at my feet.

"That, dearest, is the poor mahout—I fear he is dead!"

"Oh! is it only he? I thought it had been you, and that you were now but a spirit, my elected good one; for you know that by my new Arab creed I am allowed two, a good one and a bad one."

My rage was presently directed against Zela's Arabs, who made their appearance from the bushes, whither they had been lured by the cubs of a leopard, one of which they had secured. De Ruyter having shot the dam. I was infuriated at these fellows for having put Zela's life in jeopardy, and gave chase to one, with the determination of shooting him. My pistol was pointed at his breast, and I was in the act of pulling the trigger, when a hand struck up my arm, and the pistol was discharged in the air. I turned round, prepared to fell the intruder with the heavy-capped butt-end of the weapon, when the eye of Zela met mine with a glance that penetrated my breast, and would have restored my reason had I been mad.

[She succeeds in pacifying him and turning him from his meditated vengeance—he prepares to re-enter the jungle, addressing her—]

"Come, mount your elephant: I would rather intrust you to him than leave you girt round by a thousand Arabs. He is a noble beast."

Going up to him, I gave Zela some bread and fruit that she might feed him. He seemed abstracted in gloomy contemplation, and gazed with more than human sympathy on the prostrate body of the dying mahout. He noticed us not; and, as his eye fell on the dead tiger, he stamped, looked fierce, and made a trumpeting noise, as if in triumph at having avenged his friend's death! Then, as if remembering he had avenged, but not saved him, his ears and trunk drooped; and though he himself was torn and bleeding, his most and thoughtful eye gave token that all his feelings were absorbed in grief for him he had lost. He stood over and watched the Arabs, who were making a sort of hurdle for the purpose of carrying away the dying man; for his breast was torn open, and one of his groins dreadfully mangled. The affectionate beast refused to eat even after the man was conveyed out of sight. I placed the bamboo ladder against him, and Zela mounted to the houdah: he curled his trunk round, and, on recognizing who it was, resumed his former position, and continued to make low moans as of anguish.

I must remark that the man for whom the elephant was mourning had long been his provider; and, since the death of the mahout who was killed by the chieftain, had himself become mahout.—The elephant did not seem at all concerned at the death of the Tiroon, doubtless owing to his having been a bad and cruel master; for certainly these animals not only have reason, but are more rational than those they serve. In gratitude to his having saved Zela and my life, I would, had it been possible, have kept, loved, and cherished him. When we parted from him, Zela kissed him, wept, and cut off some of the strong bristly hair near his ears, which I have ever worn, hooped round a ring, engraven with his name.

THE ENCHANTED GUN.

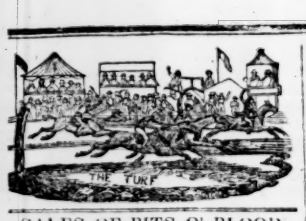
It happened some sixty or seventy years since in the land of pumpkins, that an honest old simpleton, who had been "to training," had made money enough by throwing stones at a "training cake" to get very comfortably fuddled, even without a draft upon his purse for the "four-pence-ha'-penny" laid by for that purpose several months before. Some wags who had kept more sober on the occasion than our hero, not having so good luck at gingerbread gambling, loaded his gun to the very muzzle with alternate charges of excellent "double battled" powder and *touchwood*, and starting him homeward, took care to put a red-hot nail upon the topmost piece of touchwood, Uncle Ichabod, honest old soul, shouldered firelock, and took up his "line of march" for home. He had not got far, however, before pop goes the first charge from his gun—singular, thought Uncle Ichabod, but a mere accident, doubtless—a charge being left there carelessly. A few yards further, bang goes the second charge. "Lard a marcy," says Ichabod, "this is tarnal strange, I swaggers, but I guess it didn't all go off the first time, or else it wouldn't go off again, would it though?" He had hardly finished this dialogue with himself before off goes his repeater again. "My gracious!" exclaimed our terrified militia-man, "the old boy is in the gun. I never haird of such a thing in my born days"—an exclamation which he had hardly concluded before his everlasting gun *struck four*; and Ichabod, having no longer any fellowship for a weapon possessing such fearful continuity of explosion, very prudently threw it over the fence, and made rapid strides for the house of a clergyman, having now no doubt that either he or his gun was bewitched. The clergyman himself was not without his doubts on the subject, after Ichabod had testified to the whole story, the truth of which was corroborated by several distinct discharges from the gun in the place where he had thrown it, which was within the plain bearing of the parties.—However, while the matter remained in discussion, the mischievous caitiffs who had caused all the alarm arrived with the offending musket, which made its last discharge in the clergyman's presence, and refused further services till reloaded. It was never fairly settled, however, between him and Ichabod, whether or not it was a real case of witchcraft.

A Catamount.—A man in Wallingford recently killed a monstrous catamount in the following manner: Having had two sheep killed the night before, and supposing the aggressor a bear, he procured a large trap, and set it in a position considered the most advantageous for taking him. On the following morning he went to the spot, and found the trap gone, traced it to a tree at some distance, where he found the animal secure, although he had succeeded in ascending the tree to the length of the chain attached to the trap. With the assistance of his neighbors he succeeded in despatching him. He was truly a monster, measuring seven feet in length, and weighing, though very lean, one hundred and thirty pounds! The first mark of the trap or animal on the ground was sixteen feet from where the trap was set, from which it is supposed he must have leaped nearly or quite that distance when the trap closed upon him. [Rutland Herald.

We have received the first No. of the "Monroe Republican," published at Brockport, N. Y., by Warren & Reilly; it looks well and merits patronage—success to it.

The Way to have Good Horses.—In New-London, two gentlemen, struck by the beauty of a noble horse driven by a carman, stopped to survey and admire the well fed animal. At the moment up came a couple of fellows, whose eyes told a tale which their tongues would have lied about, and recognizing the driver, exclaimed—"John, your hourse didn't use to look like that—what's the matter?" "I'll tell you," says the carman; "I used to let my horse breathe, and I would step into the store and take a drop myself. Now I go without my dram and spend my pence to buy oats for Charley."—The argument for temperance had so much point that the fellows checked their inquiries, and pushed on.

Very Singular.—We see it noticed in one of the western papers, as a curious circumstance, that every blade on a stalk of oats of this year's growth had on it the letter B. We had the curiosity to examine several and found it to be true. The paper to which we had reference says that this freak of nature had created some alarm, inasmuch as the knowing ones had found out that the letter was the initial of Blood, or Black Hawk. [Hagerstown Press.



SALES OF BITS O' BLOOD.

The Editor of the Sporting Magazine gives the following list of sales of blood horses since the first of May last. The list is not a selection of high prices brought by the very best horses, but embraces all the sales or offers which have come to the knowledge of the Editor within the time specified.

A colt by Muckle John, sold in Georgia to go to the West, for $1500.

Tobacconist, winner at Broadrock, and beaten at Tree Hill by Mary Randolph—both by Gohanna. Time, 1 m. 53 s. 1 m. 57 s. The quickest time on that course, except by Gohanna, when the course was quicker than now. $3000 refused after the race—he had sold for that after he won at Broadrock.

Mary Randolph, $2000 refused after the above race.

Doctor Johnson, a three year old for $1000.

For General Brooke, since a winner at Lawrenceville in 4 m. 35 s. 3 m. 57 s. 2 mile heats, $2000 refused after being beaten at Fairfield, where he won the first heat in 3 m. 53 s. and ran second in the second heat in 3. m. 48 s.

For Red Rover, after winning the first four mile heat at Newmarket in 8 m. 1 s. $3000 refused.

For half of Blue Bird, a Medley, only three year old, a loser at Tree Hill, $1000 refused, equal to $2000.

Herr Cline, three years old, a winner at Newmarket, sold since he won the sweepstakes at Baltimore for $4000.

For Sparrowhawk, $1200 refused.

Duke of Orleans, sold for $2500.

Florida, a beautiful animal, winner of the sweepstakes at Tree Hill. $1500.

Sally Walker, $2000 refused.

Cadet, a two year old, by Medley, out of Sally Walker, $1000 for half, equal for the whole to $2000.

Medoc, winner at Poughkeepsie, in two heats, 1 m. 51 s. each, for $1500.

Nullifier, since he lost at the Central course, for $2000.

Half of a Tonson filly, three years old, for $500, equal to $1000.

For Terror, a three year old colt by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, $4000 refused.

By this it appears that the seventeen horses above named have actually been sold for (or else refused) the sum of thirty-six thousand two hundred dollars.

Of this sum twenty-six thousand seven hundred dollars were brought by horses bred in Virginia. Why should the legislatures of Pennsylvania and New-Jersey deny to their farmers the chance of rearing horses that will sell for from one to four thousand dollars by prohibiting racing in their respective states? Do not such prohibitions partake rather of the spirit of the blue laws than of that of the present age? They operate, too, against farmers in moderate circumstances, in favor of men of wealth, who can afford to rear and train horses in Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, and then send them to race courses in other states to have their powers and value ascertained. The Flying Dutchman, for instance, had to be travelled all the way to Baltimore for an opportunity of winning a race that gave him distinction, and raised him two or three thousand dollars in value. His owner refused to take less than $4000 for him after the race. The farmers of New-Jersey and Pennsylvania are deeply interested in looking to this matter, and causing to be stricken from their statute-book laws that make them appear as ridiculous as the man who would bite off his own nose to be revenged of his face.

P. S. Fifteen thousand dollars were recently refused for Sir Charles.

ARABIAN HORSES.—It will be generally recollected that Mr. Rhind, the agent of our government in negotiating a treaty with Turkey, was presented by the Sultan with four superb Arabian steeds on the very eve of his departure for this country. As he was forbidden by the constitution from accepting the present, while the rejection of it would have given offence to the Sultan, he was obliged to bring them to this country and deliver them over to the Department of State.—Here they were sold at auction, and sent to different sections of the country. We learn from the last Sporting Magazine that Stamboul (one of them) has been purchased by Mr. Clay, and sent on to improve the breed of horses in the West.—Zilcandi (another of them) has been sold to Hon. Josiah S. Johnson, and sent to Louisiana. The following statement of Mr. Rhind will serve to show the quality of this noble animal:

New-York, May 16th, 1832.

DEAR SIR: You request me to give you some account of the Arabian horse Zilcandi, which you purchased at public sale on the 14th inst. This is one of the horses sent me by Sultan Mahmoud, a few days before I left Constantinople. I took him thence to Smyrna, where I embarked for this port. He was pronounced by the best judges, both at Constantinople and Smyrna, to be a genuin and very fine Arab. His color is sorrel, with four white feet—he is of the tribe raised on the borders of Syria—was six years old last grass.

The Arab horse is seldom above 14 hands high, and those I brought were unusually tall—the stallions of this race are considered good for service until they are twenty-five years old; I am persuaded the colts of this horse will prove the high intrinsic value of the animal. Zilcandi is of the breed most preferred by the Sultan.

I am, very respectfully, sir, your ob't serv't,

CHARLES RHIND.

Mr. John H. Bostiel.

A venerable but eccentric clergyman lately in attempting to get into a packet-boat fell into the canal. He was drawn out, half drowned, and conveyed to a house in the neighborhood, where he was put to bed. "Will ye take some spirits and water, sir?" asked his considerate host. "No, no," was the answer, "I have had plenty of water for one day: I'll take the spirits alone."

Baltimore Central Course.

The following Stakes are now open, to be run for over the Central Course.—BALTIMORE, June 1, 1832

CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES. A post sweepstakes will be run for on the 2d day of the next fall meeting, 2 miles out. Entrance $300, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats.—Entrance $100, h. f. to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall, free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f.; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race,) to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f. four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

SPORTING NEWS.

RARE SPORT.—On the 9th inst. an animal supposed to be a dog was descried floating down the St. Lawrence, and a boat was immediately started for his rescue. On getting alongside the animal, the boatmen flung a noose over his head, and pressed him to accept a birth on board; while he, not to be outdone in politeness, invited them to share his accommodations, and very nearly induced them to do so by upsetting their boat. Finding that their new acquaintance was rather more of a Tartar and less of a cur than they had supposed, the boatmen declined to interchange civilities any longer on such neighborly terms, and prudently retreated, taking up their position some feet in the rear of their sociable friend. Here, by dint of a multitude of serious raps across the region of thought with one oar, while another was employed in keeping his nose under water, and all at a distance which put it out of his power to return these compliments, the brave fellow was finally forced to heave to. He proved to be an AMERICAN PANTHER, measuring five feet long, and rigged out with a set of claws and teeth that would do a man good to look at them—provided they were properly secured. His carcase has been transferred to a Montreal museum.

From the American Sporting Magazine for July.

BALTIMORE FISHING CLUB.

THE SHOOTING STAR—At which your readers had a glimpse in April, had just then risen above the horizon, and thereafter remained *fixed*; growing in her own brilliancy and the admiration of all beholders, until the 20th ult. at 5 P. M. when, amidst the roar of artillery and the acclamations of a numerous and gratified public, she shot into her appropriate sphere, where she now shines with augmented refulgence, causing, as some *observers stars* do, all that were bright before to hide their diminished lights—as the twinkling of the glow-worm is extinguished at the approach of

"the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east."

This beautiful boat, built for the Rockhall fishing club, is allowed to be a *chef d'œuvre* of naval architecture *on her scale*. Nothing ever better exemplified than she does the *multum in parvo*. In the particulars of external contour, coloring, and finish—of pictorial design and swan-like grace and buoyancy of motion; she fills the beau ideal in these departments of art and ingenuity; whilst for *internal* resources to amuse and give pleasure, like some fair songstress of inimitable power, you may admire to the height of enthusiasm her figure and action on the stage, not dreaming all the while that in these you behold the least of her capacities to delight and charm you.

About this beautiful boat there are hidden springs that, if you only know where to touch them, will at once disclose all that is needful to supply equally the simple demands of the silent and abstemious angler, and the palate of the most obstreperous *bon vivant*. In every nook and corner of space, unoccupied in other boats, in her you may find something useful or sumptuary.—Moreover, Mr. Editor, amongst the arcana of the Shooting Star, I certainly espied contrivances for a few bottles of sparkling Champaigne, but of that *sanctum sanctorum* Palinurus himself bears the key, and will not permit it to be *misused* on common occasions.

The launching of this elegant skiff presented a scene more lively than has been witnessed on Fell's Point for many a long day. Col. Thomas (under whose direction she was built) was launched in her, and as she glided into the embraces of the enviable wave, baptized her in the glowing juice of the grape. To say that in her maiden excursion her helm answered kindly to his practised touch, and that she fulfilled *his* anticipations is to fill the measure of her praise.—Returning to the wharf, she was welcomed by a full band of music, the reverberations of cannon, and the salutations of numerous friends. A choice and ample banquet was spread for their entertainment, and good wine acquired a higher *gout* when drunk to.

The Shooting Star—Amongst the bright the most brilliant.

Capt. Cummings—Architect of the Shooting Star.

Our public spirited fellow citizen, Col. Thomas—may *his* Star be ever in the ascendant.

AN INVITED GUEST.

INDIAN MODE OF TAKING STURGEON.—The following rather singular method of capturing the sturgeon is given in an old manuscript entitled a "History of the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina," and thence copied into the last number of the Sporting Magazine:

"In the summer time it is no unusual thing for sturgeons to sleep on the surface of the water, and one of them, having wandered up into this creek, was floating about in that drowsy condition.

"The Indian waded up to his neck into the creek, a little below where he discovered the fish, expecting the stream would soon bring his game down to him. He judged the matter right, and as soon as the fish came close to him he whipped a running noose over his jowl. This waked the sturgeon, which, being strong in its own element, darted immediately under water and dragged the Indian after him. The man made it a point of honor to keep his hold; which he did to the apparent danger of being drowned. Sometimes both the Indian and the fish disappeared for a quarter of a minute, and then rose at some distance from where they dived. At this rate they continued floundering about, sometimes above and sometimes under water, for a considerable time, till at last the hero suffocated his adversary and hauled his body ashore in triumph."

LOVE AND MURDER.—A duel was recently fought in Texas by Mr. Page and Dr. Laquerk. They wasted three shots: Page was wounded, but death paid the doctor a visit, and he has retired from practice. The cause was a love affair. Strange how ferocious love will make a fellow: Positively, we would not more than *half kill* a man for Venus herself, much less for even her fairest worshipper, for the special reason that we should expect to come to the gallows. Any noose is better than a halter; and the ugliest woman on earth is not half so ugly as death. Master Page, we pray you to turn over a new leaf. Don't *kill* a doctor again. Do you know you are infringing upon the patent right of the faculty?

[The above article deserves credit; but it came to us second-hand and stolen, so we cannot do the fair thing by it. We will just remark that the writer is quite too severe on Mr. Page, who probably thought that unprofessional men had a right to kill doctors, just by way of reciprocity.]

LATEST FROM JOE STRICKLAND.—We understand from a Southern contemporary, that *Mr. Joseph Strickland Jr.* has lately issued his proklaymashon," giving notice of certain fire-eating feats that shall "beat mounshier Chawbert ol hollor." He promises among other dainties to swallow a whirlwind, two hundred pounds of hot sen penny nails, three barrels of rattle-snakes and a rail road. Joe is a man of *capacity*.

One day when Sir Isaac Heard was with George III. it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready for hunting. "Sir Isaac," said the king, "are you a judge of horses?" "In my younger days, please your majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them." "What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favorite; and, without waiting for an answer, added, "we call him *Perfection*." "A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his majesty reached the saddle, "*for he bears one of the best of characters.*"

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1832.

When a friend asks us "how shall I avoid the Cholera," we consider it a binder—draw ourselves up—assume an attitude—look wise and reply, "stay in New-York." But between you and I, kind reader, this advice is altogether *editorial*. We poor editors *must* stay, and it is marvellous to remark how entirely the advice of the whole fraternity illustrates that trite old adage, that "Misery loves company." Not that we think that prudent persons are greatly exposed to the malady—but there is a feeling of dread so annoying, that for our *single selves*, we would rather be ensconced in the Notch of the White Hills, and live on acorns, than to be subject to the woful task of screwing up our moral courage each morning to brave the pestilence with manly firmness.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step, say the rhetoricians. The distance is not greater between the solemn and the ludicrous. This we can prove to you, kind reader, if you will permit us to give an extract from our diary. It will both exemplify our remark; and show the cause of our disrelish to a city residence at this particular time, though perchance it may engender the suspicion that we are an atom-nervous.

A DAY IN NEW-YORK,

JULY 18th, 1832.

The first impulse on awakening from a restless sleep is to congratulate yourself that you are yet alive—then pass in review your stomach—your limbs—your head—your pulse—then leap from bed, get the use of your feet, and look at your tongue. If all's right you shave and commence ablutions; but if, perchance, a slight cramp seizes your foot—or a sudden twinge passes through your body, or your tongue is a little furred, down you gulp an ounce of castor oil, and bespeak a quart of gruel—crawl back to bed, and with eyes glistening with terror, and features shrunk with fear you lay awaiting more certain symptoms of the real Asiatic. Presently you fall asleep to dream of cramps, of buzzings in your ears, and sad commotion of your vitals. It however proves a false alarm, the morning wears away, and in the afternoon you get out. You set off for your office—you meet your friends—they congratulate you on your escape—express sorrow to see you look so badly—so blue—so billious about the eyes—all hope you will soon look better,—don't be frightened—bad case, but have courage,—doesn't kill half—attacks only the vulgar,—was afraid you'd have it.

Half dead with the agony you have endured while passing your kind, consolatory friends, you at length reach your office, throw your exhausted limbs into an arm chair—ask for the evening's paper, with a view to withdraw your distracted mind from all thoughts of Cholera, when the first thing that meets your eye, is your name, street, and number, glaring in the report of the Board of Health, and your own case returned—dead.

Down goes the paper—a cold sweat comes over you—the faintness of death creeps upon you—you are too weak to curse the editor or the officious doctor. Recovering a little you stagger home, order tea, and try to compose yourself.

Bed time arrives—you are preparing to retire, when your agitated nerves are shocked by the announcement of the death of a man you just passed in the street. Pale, trembling, frightened, you reach your chamber—your mouth dryer than cotton—your feet colder than marble. In hopes of falling to sleep you lie down—the light is left burning,—it soon seems to burn blue—you hear the tick of a "death watch" within a foot of your head,—you turn and toss,—court sleep in every possible way,—repeat half-forgotten verses,—talk aloud—even whistle,—say the multiplication table backwards—then a pain darts through you,—you feel for it—'tis gone,—a chill is upon you,—then you are bathed in perspiration—then cold again,—you fall asleep,—hear the cry of fire—leap up frightened by the light of your lamp—blow it out,—lie down,—exhaustion comes to your relief—you slumber now and then till morning, when you again congratulate yourself that you are yet alive.

Surely "tongue cannot tell, nor paint brush paint" the miseries of a nervous man, residing in New-York, at this eventful period.

Much speculation has been excited, and physicians have racked their brains to account for a remark of some Quebec letter writer, "*that no colored person had been attacked there by the Cholera.*" Like the philosophers, who, without inquiring if it was a fact, attempted to account philosophically, why a tub of water weighed no more when a large fish was thrown in than before—so the wise ones of our land, like them, did not stop to inquire if blacks were common in Quebec. A few words from a letter of Messrs. Gates & Co. of Montreal, simplifies most wonderfully this physiological mystery:

"We believe," say they, "that one has been attacked and died; but the wonder will cease when we tell you that we believe that there not [illegible] in Quebec this year."

In New-York, where there are 14,000 colored persons; the result is, that blacks are as liable to Cholera as whites, and that as many die in proportion to their number.

APPROPRIATE LABEL.—We observe in a morning contemporary that some wag not having, probably the *fear* of the Cholera before his eyes, has had the audacity to post the following poetical stanza on the door of a Store in the upper part of Pearl street—the occupant of which has "shut up till the Cholera subsides." It is too good to be lost.

"Not Cholera sick, nor Cholera dead,
But from the *fright* of Cholera fled—
He'll quick return when Cholera's over,
If from the fright he should recover."

A GALE.—On Thursday, about 2 o'clock, P. M. a most violent squall came from the West—sweeping over the river with astonishing power, and actually blew down a new brick building on West-street. It had been just erected, and the walls were not cemented. The ruins, which we saw an hour after the fall, presented a most woful spectacle. No lives were lost.

CHOLERA.

We continue our report of this fatal pestilence up to the 20th, and shall continue to do so weekly, until it subsides so far, as no longer to be a subject of interest to our readers.

On Tuesday strong hopes were indulged that the malady had reached its utmost height, and was on the decrease. The bulletins were thronged with joyous countenances, and every man in New-York set down to his dinner with a better relish than for many a long day.

Wednesday's report did not weaken our hopes, though it was more ominous than we expected. Still the *cases* were fewer than even on Tuesday and the deaths but 12 more. Thursday came and all our anticipations were disappointed, our hopes gone. The deaths had increased somewhat, and the cases were alarmingly augmented. On Friday the cases were still increased, but the deaths not proportionably so—indicating less malignity in the disease.

The decrease and subsequent increase during the past week, has thrown us back into a sea of conjecture, and we would not risk our reputation as prophets so much, as to hazard an opinion of the extent or probable duration of this raging epidemic.

It is with feelings of gratitude that we record the consoling fact, that the disease almost entirely confines its attacks to the dissolute and intemperate;—there are to be sure, a few exceptions—but *they are few*, and as yet our apprehensions are not excited for the safety of the temperate, cheerful and considerate citizens of our city.

BULLETIN OF THE CHOLERA,

CORRECTED FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT
Of the Special Medical Council.

	Cases at dwelling houses	Hospitals	Bellevue	Total of Cases	Deaths at dwelling houses	Hospitals	Bellevue	Total of Deaths
July 14	43	43	29	115	15	29	22	66
15	80	53	20	131	28	31	25	84
16	92	50	21	163	48	32	17	94
17	60	63	22	145	19	28	13	60
18	65	59	14	138	22	36	14	72
19	114	77	11	202	42	24	12	82
20	132	56	28	216	48	36	10	94
	566	401	145	1112	219	220	113	552
Yorkville				10				6
Total since commencement, Cases 1837, Deaths 844								

A COOPER IN THE CHOLERA.—A real frolicksome journeyman cooper, who will, occasionally, take a drop too much, was found asleep in Moore street about 11 o'clock on Monday night. The watchful guardians of all such cases, carried him to one of the Hospitals, and tried in vain to force down their patient, the appropriate medicine. The cooper manfully resisted, declaring he had no Cholera, and when he became somewhat sober, prevailed upon his captors to let him go home to his wife and family. Yesterday morning he was in his shop at work as usual, determined to keep sober until the Cholera has subsided. [If any one doubts this fact, the editors of the Gazette are prepared to prove it.]

TAKING THE COMET BY THE TAIL.—It is rumored that certain cities "down east," have in the plenitude of their wisdom, passed resolutions forbidding the appearance of the Comet this year, threatening to twist his tail off, and impose a fine of $100, in case of his becoming visible. Should these worthy burghers hear of a New-Yorker having seen a Comet, 'tis also said they intend to impose quarantine regulations on all such for ten days during which time they *guess according to their calculation* that every man will have recovered so far a healthful use of his visionary orbs, that he cannot propagate the infection, which a sight of the long-tailed gentleman is, by them, thought to engender.

We don't vouch for the truth of these rumors, but judging from the liberal and courteous policy of the said cities toward our citizens, since the invasion of Cholera, we are inclined to credit them.

CANINE SAGACITY.—An incident occurred at the late fire at the corner of West and Courtland streets, which serves to place in a strong light the invincible fidelity and deep sagacity of that noble animal, the dog.

A young man slept in the third story of the house in which the fire originated, and a dog lay by his bed side. Long before the fire was discovered, the dog scented it, and endeavored to awaken his master by laying his fore paws on his breast, and drawing them gently over his body; but the young man, not knowing the reason of this conduct, fell asleep as soon as he had seen what it was that disturbed him. The dog then stripped the bed-clothes off of him, but he covered himself, and again fell into a slumber. Aware that there was no time to be lost, the dog now seized the young man by the arm, and tore his shirt, by which means he succeeded in arousing him, just as the flames were bursting into the chamber. The man rushed to the window, and descended the tackle fall, which he threw out of the window before him; while the faithful animal whose unwearied exertions had preserved his life, having no means of escape, was left to perish. It is said that the young man burst into a flood of tears when, on recovering his self-possession, he found himself in a place of safety, and that his preserver had fallen a prey to the devouring element.

We should think that some of the worthy fraternity of dog-killers in our city (we don't refer to any editors in particular) would feel a little inclination to blush while perusing this anecdote.—However, as people usually have feelings corresponding with their vocations, it may not affect them so much as might otherwise be expected.

TROLLOPE-IANA.—A late number of Blackwood's Magazine, contains a review of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which is attributed to Col. Hamilton, the author of Cyril Thornton. Maugre a sprinkling of prejudice, it is extremely well written. The following passage, says the Philadelphia Gazette, notwithstanding the 'subject matter,' will be thought by some cavillers to be as just in its rebukes, as it is musical in its periods.

"An American may be philosophically distinguished as a spitting biped. He spits from the cradle to the grave; at all times, in all places, in all circumstances, in youth and in age, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and adversity, at sea and on land, in storm and in calm, on foot and on horseback, in town and in country, in the house of his father, at the board of his friend, in the drawing room of his President, at the feet of his mistress, at the altar of his God. The discharge is as necessary to him as the air he breathes; he salivates for some threescore years, and when the glands of his palate can secrete no longer he spits forth his spirit, and is gathered to his fathers to spit no more."

ANOTHER HOAX.—Our Southern brethren it seems have again been hoaxed by Mons. Theodore. Had the joke been played off on the good citizens of Gotham, the fellow might have occasion to "laugh on the other side of his face," and would most undoubtedly, be presented with a *cold bath, gratis*, off the Battery. The Savannah Georgian says, "Mons. Theodore, the would-be aeronaut, who some time since announced a balloon ascension at New-Orleans, and disappointed the people, which caused a riot, has performed the same feat again. He advertised to go up on the 3d, when an immense crowd collected in consequence, which remained till about 12 o'clock, when the balloon went up without the aeronaut." We advise him to keep clear of us, if he would "save his *bacon*."

COZZEN'S HOTEL, WEST POINT.—We are very glad to observe, from one of the daily papers, that this excellent house is still open. Rumor with her thousand tongues had proclaimed it shut, which was a source of regret to many who had promised themselves the pleasure of partaking of the many comforts afforded by the liberal Proprietor. Cozzen's Hotel is not surpassed by any public house in America—all that heart can wish, or palate desire is within reach of the visitor to this splendid establishment. Air, scenery, amusements, company, table, wines, attention, kindness, one and all, make it the very paragon of hotels, and country abodes.

NEW-HAVEN.—A letter from New-Haven states that the Cholera is making no progress there, and adds:—

"College has not been dismissed as a body, but individuals obtain leave of absence easily, and nearly half are gone. The faculty do not consider that there is local cause of alarm sufficient to warrant breaking up such an institution, but they will not retain against their wills, those whose anxious fears may endanger their health."

We would not be uncharitable, but are half-inclined to think that "anxious fears" will be liable to prove epidemic among the young blades—especially as Collegians seldom object to the boon which is now offered as a remedy.

We understand that the Count Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) has taken passage in the Philadelphia packet of the 20th, (yesterday) to sail for Liverpool.

On being informed of Count Survilliers' intention of going to Europe, the inhabitants of Bordentown waited on him at his house, to express the loss they were about to suffer, and their ardent wishes for his prosperity and happiness.

He came a stranger among them; he had lived with them for sixteen years; every individual has found him a benevolent friend, and the public a most useful benefactor.

It is added a more fervent "God bless you," never was uttered than that which came from the heart and lips of the rich and poor of the village of Bordentown to their neighbor and friend on his departure from them.

We have escaped getting into the city Reports of Cholera patients; but our cotemporary of "the Jerseyman" has embalmed our memories in his announcement of our departure to the shades—which is *quite the same thing*. Really, we live in sad times when, whether dead or alive, our eulogies are pronounced—our praises sung, or our foibles harped upon.

However, we very good naturedly have attributed the notice in the Jerseyman to its not having received our paper in exchange. We send it this week with the assurance of our being "alive and kicking," adding the friendly admonition that we keep in pickle a rare selection of obituary notices, one of which we shall transfer to our columns on the repetition of a similar announcement in his print. It begins thus:

"In Morristown their lived a ——"

Do ye take?

"MARCH OF THE SCHOOLMASTER." The following anecdote after running the rounds of the American press, has been copied into a number of the English papers, where we find it. A candidate for the office of Schoolmaster in Hampshire county, being told by the committee that they should examine him in English grammar, said, "I am glad of that, for *I am a horse* at grammar." Being asked to bound the United States, he said, "they are bounded east by the ocean, and south by Florida, and west by the Mississippi." When told that the valley of Mississippi was a part of the United States, he said, "I don't know—there is a *great chunk* of it off there."

A GOOD 'UN *from Nantucket*.—A few days since says the Inquirer of Monday last, while the visiting physician was overhauling the packet Champion from New-Bedford, to make sure that she should not smuggle the horrible pestilence into the Island, a couple of innocent looking vessels apparently from 'tother side, came into the harbor, and having cast anchor, hailed the visiting boat to know if the cholera was in Nantucket; the physician understanding them to ask if it were in *New-York*, answered Yes: upon which they piped all hands, and making the windlass spin round so quick that it smoked with the heat, they up anchor and jib and fled from the harbor, with all the speed that wind and tide and fright would permit—if they ever bring up at any civilized port, we expect to hear, that *the Cholera is in Nantucket*.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY. We learn from a late English publication that two literary productions, supposed to have been irrecoverably lost, have been within these few days discovered, and both may be expected to appear in print very soon.—The one is a PROSE WORK of LORD BYRON, of considerable extent and extraordinary interest: the other is a very elegant and touching series of "CONFESSIONS," by the late *Lady Caroline Lamb*, including a remarkable set of stanzas by Mr. Rogers, addressed to her Ladyship, on first seeing her in company with the young author of "Childe Harold;" and some hardly less exquisite verses by Lady Caroline herself, on witnessing the funeral cavalcade of a noble poet, as it passed Brocket Hall on the way to Nottinghamshire. Her Ladyship's prose narrative is said to be composed in general in a style of deep and artless pathos—interspersed, however, with many passages of pungently sarcastic description, and sketches of personal character and manners, calculated to excite a great sensation in the fashionable world. We look for them with great interest.

☞ SUBSCRIPTIONS for this paper received by Messrs. PEABODY & Co. No. 219 Broadway, and by WM. STODART, 6 Courtlandt st.

From the Middlebury Argus.

The *Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York*—is a very *clever* periodical published weekly in New-York city, and we should *guess* by a very *clever* set of fellows; but we should think them a "*leetle* more *clever* if they would be *clever* enough to send us their paper regularly. Sometimes we get an *inside* and *sometimes* an outside and *sometimes* no side at all.

True neighbor Argus, for in these Cholera times our *insides* get *outside* and what should be *outside* gets *in*, still we thank thee and thy *Argus eyes* for the discovery of our cleverness which certain Canada editors have of late much questioned.

But *right* side or *wrong* side, we commend our hebdomadal to your *bright* side, lest you *side* with those who *side against* our *side*, which is no *side* at all at all, "politically speaking" as the great ones have it.

ANOTHER EDITOR REWARDED.—We learn by the last number of the Camden Journal, that the talented and witty editor there has been offered a *situation*, by his political opponents, which *sine-cure*, he has seen fit to decline. He remarks, "they have been so benevolent as to signify a willingness to *hang* us up between the heavens and the earth. We are as much *obliged* to them as though we accepted—*but its no matter, we have no occasion at present.*"

It is said to be "hard for an Indian to forget his blanket." It is equally hard for our friend Purdy, of the Lowell Journal, to cease cutting items—his brain seems involuntarily to manufacture them,—for while, like an actor taking leave of the stage, he is making his bow and renouncing the inglorious occupation, his ready brain concocts an appropriate speech, when instead of a farewell, an item spins off the nib of his prolific pen, to his utter discomfiture.

Tell you what, Ned, "*Nesutor*," &c. Tariff or no tariff, *your* "Factory" will stem it.

Wonder if the Cholera has reached Lowell?

AN INSINUATION. We overheard the other day an altercation, the precise subject of which is of no consequence to the readers—but the end is worth hearing.

"You are a liar," said one of the party.

What do you mean to convey by that?" inquired the other.

"I mean what I say sir, you're a liar!"

"Then I shall have no more talk with you, nor nobody what makes such insinuations."—*Lowell Compound.*

That comes *almost* up to a little matter we heard some three months since, says the Newport Spectator. "I understand you have called me a liar, sir," said a fellow, bristling up to another with the utmost fury in his looks, which reminded one very forcibly of the countenance of Goliah in Johnson's scraps, when he is about to knock his mother's cow down with his fist. "Called you a liar did you say sir?" "Yes sir, a liar sir, called me a liar sir." "True I did, and I now repeat it, you are a liar." "Well now I am *satisfied*, I only wanted to know whether you did actually call me a liar," said the insulted one, turning short upon his heel.

"ITEMS." Him of the Erie Observer says he made a batch of these *things* t'other day, but has no room for 'em; we feel sorry, 'pon honor.

We cannot but present our readers with a few specimens, when they must acknowledge he is *au fait* in their manufacture:—

The editor of the Spirit of the Times considers him of the Boston Morning Post, a fortuate editor, because he had *two* coats, before one of them was stolen.

If friend Porter has only one coat, we will equalize with him, and give him another. We have three. He must let us know soon, however, for we were calculating to have two of them cut up to mend the other with.

A right clever dog is'nt he?

Reader, did you ever see a man swallow a grindstone whole? If you did, we have not.

You can't be too cautious—there are more *things done, Major*, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The Spirit of the Times & Life in New-York, is a very interesting paper, to a man of leisure or fond of amusement—and gives a good delineation of real life.

You're right; we always thought so—do subscriber of ours ever had an attack of the Cholera; ours is the only safe preventive these days—nothing like it, only three of the "*real kimicles*" and you're cured—for a year.

CAROLINA AGAINST THE WORLD.—We learn that among other instances of the valuable productions of North Carolina, may be mentioned, that a man by the name of Gordon, in Granville Co. has had *twenty-seven sons*, all of whom were living about 12 months since. These were all born of one woman. This aged and fruitful couple were remarkably healthy and active, and the father would readily walk 10 or 12 miles at any time, when business required it.

A Boston paper observes that the New-Yorkers have some time since commenced a thorough cleansing of their streets, and that they have succeeded so far as to have already *dug* down to the paving stones *in some* places. We can assure them of the fact, that our city has been cleansed, *tho-rough-ly*.

MURDER AND ROBBERY.—We learn that a man named *Coleman*, was murdered near Harrodsburg a few days since. The particulars we have not been able to learn, further than that the person deceased left Harrodsburg late on the evening of Friday for his residence, a short distance in the country, and was waylaid, cut and mangled in a most shocking manner. He had about him, when he left Harrodsburg, about $3000, which was also taken from his pockets. His body was discovered the next morning. The perpetrators of the crime have not been discovered, nor has suspicion as yet fixed upon them.

DEATH OF LIEUT. CLAY.—The Detroit Journal of the 11th, states that one of the officers, Lieut. Clay, had died of the Cholera. It adds, "The other officers, we learn, are in good health. So great is the alarm which prevails among the troops that 150 recruits, who composed a part of the detachment, have deserted and dispersed in every direction. We hear that no sickness has yet occurred among the troops within the fort.

JEREMY BENTHAM.—This distinguished man died at his residence in Queen-Square Place, Westminster, England, on the 6th of June. Philanthropy was the strongest feature in his character, which he evidenced by one of the latest acts of his life. He bequeathed his body to his medical friend, Dr. Southwood Smith, with a charge that he shall use it in an anatomical school for dissection, in illustration of a course of lectures.

PUNS.

"Lengthened sweetness—LONG *drawn out."*

We transfer to our columns the following humorous article from the Evening Post, believing it will prove acceptable to the greater portion of our readers, and tend to dissipate that moodiness of spirit which these sad times are calculated to inspire.

We find lying on our table this morning a rather thick duodecimo volume, bearing the imprint of Thomas Longworth, the object of which seems to be, as far as we have gathered it from such inspection as we have given it, to afford the reader various items of curious information—geographical, historical, &c.—relative to the city of New-York. We cannot profess to have perused this volume very thoroughly; for, as the young lady said of the Dictionary, its articles, though not without interest, are somewhat too brief and disconnected to lay a very strong hold upon the attention. In the cursory examination we have bestowed upon it, however, we have discovered certain facts which may seem rather startling to many readers in this democratic country. Who, for example, would have believed, as this book gravely and no doubt truly assures us, that there are living in the republican community of Gotham no less than thirty-five Earls, three Dukes, twenty Lords, three Barons, and five-and-twenty Bishops! Why, the west end of London can hardly outdo us in the number and rank of our nobility and dignitaries.

A more astonishing fact, however, than our having noblemen among us, we learn from Mr. Longworth's curious work—namely, that there are residing in this city a good number of Kings! The reader will naturally presume that their majesties must have preserved a very strict incog, as we have not heard of the Corporation giving them public dinners, or making any of that sort of parade in which they are wont to spend the people's money on the arrival of illustrious strangers—and indeed on all occasions which afford them the least excuse for a little jollification. The revolutionary symptoms which prevailed some time ago in Europe, and which were succeeded by Cholera symptoms, were expected by many people to end in a disease which would be peculiarly fatal to royalty; and had not means been taken to restore the body politic to its ordinary condition, our country no doubt would by this time have been honored with a visit from more than one kingly fugitive from the epidemic. But as the threatened disease was cured by applications which had in various previous instances been found efficacious, we cannot ascribe to it the fact of our city being at this time the residence of the Kings alluded to; and must therefore leave it to the ingenious reader to puzzle out the cause of their visitation. Some of these royal gentlemen must be sadly out at the elbows; as we find by the book before us that they have been obliged to have recourse to very unkingly occupations for a livelihood. One of them, we perceive, makes a living by editing a newspaper, which abuses in good round terms the President and other authorities of the land in which he resides; another fiddles, a third sells oysters and pies, and a fifth cobbles shoes for a subsistence. Alas! unhappy royalty!

A fact as remarkable as the foregoing (which we also learn from honest Thomas Longworth's book,) is that there is but a single Wise man in this whole metropolis; though to be sure there is another individual who, perhaps from his abundant possession of that quality, is actually known by the name of Wisdom.*

In a city where there are so many Bishops, one would naturally suppose that there must be a good many of the inferior orders of ecclesiastics. We can however state on the authority of the volume before us, that there are but four Priests, but one Divine, and not a single Curate. There are a good many Deans, however, and several Deacons.

From such a deficiency of clergy, it might be inferred that we have no great abundance of Churches, and accordingly find but nine of these, and all of them seem to be devoted to secular, (we might almost say sacrilegious) pursuits, such as dress making, carpentering, groceries, and the like.

Whatever those who are familiar with the purlieus of the City Hall may say to the contrary, our city is also lamentably deficient in judiciary officers. We have but one Judge, no Justice, and but five Squires. As for Marshalls, there are a plenty of them.

Of military officers we experience as great a lack (according to this book) as of civil.—We have neither Generals nor Colonels, only two Majors and three Sergeants, and none whatever of intermediate grades. From the low state of military forces implied by this beggarly account, it will not be supposed that the military works are on a much more ample footing. Indeed, there seems to exist but a single Fort in the city, though we observe that there are eight Castles. These however must be very inadequately supplied with arms, since the whole metropolis can furnish only eleven Cannons, and five other Guns, together with six Swords, six Armours, and a few Darts.

The topographical account of this city which may be derived from Mr Longworth's book is not the least curious part of it. It seems the surface is varied with Dales, Vales, Moors, Hills and Mountains. And notwithstanding all the talk there has been about our city being badly supplied with water, we find there are no less than nine living Fountains within the lamp districts. We have Woods and Forrests in such abundance that one would suppose we need never lack fuel. We have Meads and Parks, Brooks, Rivers and Bridges. Where Woods and Forrests so abound, birds and beasts will naturally be looked for; and we accordingly can make up a good list of both—as Bucks, Roes, Harts, Lyons, Drakes, Swans, Wolves, Finches, and, what is unusual in our country, Nightingales.

The aborigines of this part of the country seem not to have been entirely extirpated nor driven away, since we

SERIOUS OUTRAGE.—We understand, from an undoubted source, that a gentleman of this city, who is building a handsome house in Brooklyn, and who had employed Eastern mechanics, who worked more hours than is usual here, has given great offence. To be revenged, his new house was entered on Thursday night, being nearly finished, and every door, cornice, pannel, &c. was so disfigured by sharp instruments, as to render them useless. It will cost nearly 1000 dollars to repair the damage. Great excitement has been produced in the village. A meeting has been called, and we understand $500 reward will be offered for the apprehension of the offenders.—*Gazette.*

The report on Thursday, says the Gazette, that a young lady who had been in the salt water bath, had been seized with the cholera on the Battery, induced us to investigate the matter. It appears that two females, whose characters were suspected, found their way into the bath, they being decently dressed. After bathing, at the bar of the bath they each had two glasses of brandy. Shortly after, they seated themselves on a bench under the shade, and one of them tumbled over backwards. This occurrence naturally drew a crowd about them. At this time, one of the ladies "cleared out," and the other was put into a hack by a humane gentleman, and sent to one of the city hospitals. This was certainly a case of intemperance.

BILLY DO.—When the ministers received the King's letter, refusing to create new peers, each was anxious to get a sight of it, but Brougham opened it first.—"Well," cried Grey emphatically, "what says the *billet doux?*" "Why," answered the Chancellor, who is a wag under any circumstances, "it comes to tell us that *Billy doubt.*"

Some funny stories are told in relation to the rigid quarantine now "being" enforced, by the sapient authorities at Newport, R. I. In addition to prohibiting the landing o" passengers from steamboats and other vessels, they have stretched ropes across the roads leading to the town. Sentinels are placed there, to guard these passes. No person is allowed to enter the precincts of the town, without having undergone a quarantine of ten days. Persons going out of the place, for a short time, are examined, and their names taken down; when they return, they are subjected to a strict scrutiny, lest, peradventure, some "wolf in sheep's clothing," may gain admission. One family, in perfect health, was undergoing quarantine at our last accounts, in a small tea garden, out side of Newport. Their friends from the latter place, were allowed to visit them daily. The quarantined family bore their confinement with great composure and equanimity, and were, altogether, as comfortable as could be expected.

UNDERTAKER DISAPPOINTED.—A woman at No. ——, Water-street, attended by two physicians, was pronounced by one of them as being collapsed, and in the last stage of the Malignant Cholera, on Monday last; the undertaker was engaged and it is said had received his fee. Dr. M. one of the physicians, to his astonishment, received information yesterday, that she was living and likely to recover with good nursing. We learnt last night from a person in the immediate vicinity, that the woman is convalescent. As she is a person of very intemperate habits, her disease is believed to be the *Rum Cholera.*

A GOOD CHOLERA JOKE.—A real frolicsome journeyman cooper, who will, occasionally, take a drop too much, was found asleep in Moore-street about 11 o'clock on Monday night. The watchful guardians of all such cases, carried him to one of the Hospitals, and tried in vain, to force down their patient, the appropriate medicine. The cooper manfully resisted, declaring he had no Cholera, and when he became somewhat sober, prevailed upon his captors to let him go home to his wife and family. Yesterday morning he was in his shop at work as usual, determined to keep sober until the Cholera has subsided.—*Gazette.*

Among the interesting contents of the newspaper mail received at the Post Office in Philadelphia yesterday, that part especially which had the packages of the English papers, was a large pair of "*drab gaiters.*"

FIRE.—About 12 o'clock on Monday night, a fire broke out in the large four story brick building, corner of West and Courtlandt streets owned by Goold Hoyt, Esq., which destroyed the interior of the building and contents. The lower part was occupied by Mr. Samuel Darling, and Mr. Limbrick, as grocery stores; the second story by the Troy Line of steamboats, as a receiving store, Mr. Bartol, Agent; and the third by Mr. French as a printing office.

A letter has been received by the editor of the Daily Advertiser dated Ballston Spa, July 16th, which says "There seems to be but one difficulty which prevents people from coming to the Springs. That is, being obliged to come through Albany. To the great mass of those who visit the Springs, it is probably unknown, that there is another route, which entirely avoids Albany. It is to leave the steam boat at Hudson, proceed to Lebanon, and thence by the way of Troy to Ballston, where we are as free from every disease as possible, and where we are not in the predicament of some country villages, if by misfortune we might be attacked. We have first rate medical aid. Our large establishments begin to fill up, as usual at this season."

NOVEL AND DREADFUL ACT OF SELF-DESTRUCTION.—On Saturday night last, a wretched creature terminated his existence, at a lodging-house in Trosnant, near Pontypool, by deliberately cutting two inches off his tongue. When the poor fellow was discovered, which was about ten minutes after the act was committed, he was sitting on the side of his bed, and the floor of the room was absolutely saturated with clots of blood. Medical assistance was immediately procured, when every means were resorted to arrest the excessive hemorrhage, which brought on such exhaustion, that on the following morning, death put an end to his sufferings.

A ROYAL COOK.—Seated on the most splendid throne of the east, Mahomet II. practised the austerity of a hermit. Applying all his revenues to the exigencies of the state, he continued to earn by the pen his own support, which was limited to a supply of the humblest necessaries. He not only rejected the vain and culpable privilege of a numerous seraglio, and confined himself to one wife, but he compelled that lady to discharge the most menial functions. Even when her majesty complained that she burned her fingers in the process of cooking, and asked for a maiden to aid her in that humble task, he rejected the request.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. VI.—History of British India, Vol. I.*

It is said to be a fact, that in Paisley in a single day, the Cholera was conquered and driven out of the place. Every house was white washed, every gutter was cleansed, every spoonful of filth was removed in every vault, sink, or out house of every description. The disenfecting agents were freely used; and the fire engines completed the process, by thoroughly washing every square inch of surface in the town. The destroyer passed by, for it could find no place to light upon. Burning tar, and firing cannon, are also said to be efficacious.—*Portland Daily Adv.*

A new and splendid Pilot Boat of the largest class, built by Mr. Williams, for the Messrs. Turnure's company, was launched on Thursday morning. We are gratified in learning, that this boat is named in compliment to one of our old and estimable citizens, the JOHN D. AYMAR. Should this boat wear as well as the venerable gentleman thus honored, her owners will have no cause to regret their selection of a name for their boat.—*Gazette.*

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

WALKING DRESS.—A printed muslin dress, of a new pattern, called mousseline Amalthee; the corsage, made up to the throat, and close to the shape, is so cut that the pattern forms chevrons on the bust. The lower part of the sleeve sits quite close to the arm, the upper part is very wide from the shoulder to the elbow, and arranged in bouffants by stripes of the dress placed longitudinally. A tulle ruche borders the top of the corsage. Ceinture of watered riband with a plain gold buckle. Bonnet of white wild rose gros de Naples, trimmed with green gauze ribands, a deep fall of blond lace set on the edge of the brim, and blond lace mentonnieres meeting under the chin.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Is composed of moiree, the ground of a dark dust color, printed in zig-zag of brown and rose colour. High corsage and Amadis sleeves. Double pelerine, each fall is cut in dents of a new form and edged with a green satin ro-leau; the collar is cut to correspond; the pelerine is rounded behind, and cut in ends, which cross under the ceinture in front. The hat is of rice straw, trimmed under the brim with coques of lilac gauze riband, placed next the face. A blond lace ruche separates the bows on each side, and is attached under the chin by a knot of riband. A bouquet composed of three lilac ostrich feathers, tipped with white, is placed in front of the crown.

DINNER DRESS.—It is of a chaly a la reine, the ground rose color, figured in a new pattern. The corsage is cut very low and square, bordered with a row of blond lace which stands up, and trimmed with a lapel en coeur; it is open and very deep on the shoulders, but diminishes in breadth as it approaches the waist, so as to form the shape. Amadis sleeves with jockeys shaped like the upper part of the lapel, and lined it, bordered with blond lace. The head dress is a blond lace cap of a light and simple form, trimmed with a band of French gray gauze ribband across the face, and a sprig of roses placed behind the bow.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why are you justified in refusing to pay a *cowardly* hackney coachman his demand?—Because "none but the brave deserve the fair"—[*fare.*]

When does a man resemble a thin piece of wood?—When he's *a sharing.*

Why is a sentinel going off guard like a tree in spring?—Because he is relieved.—[*re-leaved.*]

Two lawyers in a funny on the Thames the other day, had not been rowing long before they found she leaked. "Tom," said one, "here's a *notice to quit.*" "No," replied the other, "*notice of bail,* rather, I think."

SYMPTOMS.—His Majesty the King of the French has made considerable investments in the American funds within the last three months.

Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the general, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness.—Doddington denied having been asleep; and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story; and Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it, but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story."

Hugh Boyd was dining with a large party of his countrymen, when after having drank freely, one of the company took up a decanter, and flung it at the head of the person that sat facing him. Boyd, however, seeing the missile about to be thrown, dexterously stretched out his hand, and caught it, exclaiming at the same time, "Really gentlemen, if you send the bottle about this way, there will not one of us be able to stand out the evening.

A gentleman, noticing an urchin devouring green apples, took occasion to caution him of the danger of subjecting himself to an attack of the Cholera. The boy replied, "O! I an't afraid of the Cholera: I live in a *Drug Store.*" [The lad had probably seen a vast quantity of drugs swallowed, and very naturally concluded that if the human system could stand them it could stand any thing!

ROBBERY.—During the commotion on board the steamboat Ohio, immediately after the bursting of her steam chimney, while a gentleman from Montreal was endeavoring to assist the scalded sufferers, some base villain picked his side pocket of a considerable sum of money. [The scoundrel ought to be hissed to death by a concert of steam-engines.]

WEALTH.—A rich upstart asked a poor man if he had any idea what opulence was. "It's a thing," replied the latter, "which gives a rogue the advantage over an honest man."

A "down-east" editor states that several *ladies* have taken locks of Mina's hair for rings—any thing with these chaps for an *item.*

Two highwaymen were crossing Hounslow Heath, when one of them observed a gibbet.—"Curse those gibbets," said he; "if it were not for them, ours would be the best trade in the world."—"You are a fool," replied the other: "there's nothing better for us than gibbets; for if it were not for them, every body would turn highwaymen, and we should be ruined."

Cholera Morbus (says Hippocrates, 7th book of Epidemics—2000 years ago.) is occasioned by an immoderate use of food, especially of pork not sufficiently cooked, and pease; by an abuse in drinking; the heat of the sun; the frequent use of cuttle fish, crabs, and lobsters, by the excessive use of vegetables, especially of leeks, onions, boiled lettuce, artichokes, and fresh sorrel; by ragouts and honied confections; by fruits, cucumbers, melons; by milk; by barley meal, even if cooked.

CURIOUS CASE.—A lady of large property was engaged to be married on the very day she came of age. A doubt arose as to the precise day. It appeared that she was born after the house clock had struck, and before St. Paul's had begun to strike twelve, on the night of the 4th of January, 1805. The question was, whether the young lady was born on the 4th or 5th of January.

The opinion of the judge, before whom the case came up for decision, was as follows:—"This is a case of great importance and some novelty.—The testimony of the house clock is, I think, applicable only to domestic—merely culinary purposes. It is the guide of the cook with reference to the dinner hour, but it cannot be received as evidence of the birth of a child. The clock at the next house goes slower or faster, and a child born at the next house the same moment may, according to the clock at the next house, be born on a different day. The parochial clock is much better evidence, and I should think that it ought to be received if there were no better; but it is not to be put in competition with the metropolitan clock—where that is present it is to be received with implicit acquiescence. It speaks in a tone of authority, and it is unquestionably testimony of great weight. I am, therefore, of opinion that Miss Emma G. was born on the 4th of January, 1805, and that she will attain her majority the instant St. Paul's clock strikes twelve on the night of the 3d of January, 1826."

PROTESTANT EMIGRATION.—The Duncan Gibb sailed from Dublin yesterday morning, bound for Quebec. This superior vessel is equipped in the best style, and reflects great credit on her owners; she has on board 303 passengers, of which number not more than eighteen are Roman Catholics, the rest all Protestants, going to seek on the banks of the St. Lawrence that safety and tranquility denied them in their native land. Within the memory of the oldest seaman in this port no vessel ever took out such a number of respectable emigrants; and it has been ascertained that they have taken property to the amount of nearly £20,000. Among the passengers are Mr. Calent, formerly a distiller and brewer in Mountmillick, and who has taken all the necessary apparatus for carrying on his business at Little York; Capt. Ratcliffe and his brother of County Meath, and many others of respectability.—*Dublin pap.*

NEW-YORK.

Three notorious thieves, whose names are Peter Bowerhan, John Butler, and Avery Eckerson, were arrested last Friday night, in a house in Rivington street. Alderman Palmer accompanied the officers and watchman to the house. On their entering, the villains drew their knives, and made a desperate attempt to escape by force, but they were soon secured and lodged in the watch-house. Several trunks containing stolen goods, were found in the house, which were taken to the police office, and were identified by several individuals, whose house had recently been robbed. Bowerhan and Butler were discharged from the state prison in Philadelphia a few weeks since—they have also been in the state prison and penitentiary in this state. Eckerson had only been discharged from the penitentiary three days before his arrest. Much credit is due to the Alderman and the officers with him, for securing these desperate offenders.—*Gaz.*

PICKPOCKET. A scoundrel by the name of George Smith, formerly an inmate of the State prison, made a visit to the fire in Cumberland at yesterday morning, and attempted to pick the pockets of Mr. H. Rankin, Esq. Mr. R. collared and secured him, and he is committed to prison. The villain, we are sorry to say, struck Mr. R. twice, and has seriously injured his right eye.

STABBING.—A man by the name of Hugh Mc. Callahan was stabbed yesterday morning in or near Duane street, by a female. At the time, the man was quarrelling with his wife, when the above woman interfered. He was taken from the steps of the Soup House to the Hospital at half past ten this morning. The woman was committed to Bridewell.

BURGLARY.—The house of George Griswold, Esq. in Warren street, was broken into on Monday night last, by five ruffians, three of whom are secured and committed to Bridewell. One of them ascended to the top of the house, but was soon brought down from his elevated situation.

PRESSURE IN THE MONEY MARKET.—Since the setting in of the Cholera a great number of failures, and some very heavy ones, have occurred among our merchants, which is attributable in part to the present suspension of business—partly to the call made by the U. S. Branch on the city banks, and partly to the ordinary vicissitudes of business.

There is, however, existing a great panic in the money market, and extensive failures are anticipated during the present emergency, if the banks decline affording the usual accommodations.—Much is said to depend on the Branch Bank for alleviating the apprehensions on this score.

The annexed communication to the Editor of the American touches lightly but strikingly on this interesting topic:

One always finds something new in Wall-street. It is the centre of information on all points, great and small. If you design to learn any thing of your neighbors' affairs, or of your own—go to Wall-street. One day, money is too abundant; the next, too scarce. It is barometer, thermometer, weather-guage, and rain-guage. In times of abundance, the stock-jobber and the money-borrower trip along with an easy, confident air; while the purse-holders put on an unwonted appearance of good-humored suavity, as they fasten one eye, but in a time of scarcity—presto, pass, and begone; characters are changed. It is the lender's turn to look easy and confident, and for some of the heavy ones many anxious eyes are on the watch against their entrance on the Rialto. Hats are touched, and the old question of "any thing over," is asked with affected carelessness and real anxiety. Banks shorten sail—money seems unobtainable—and the general wonderment is "where has it all gone?" The borrowers become cross—banks become uneasy—and the great question is, "has the Branch let out to-day?" The Branch, it seems, rules the roast. To be serious, good sir,—and the times demand it,—the public have a right to look to the Branch and other Banks for substantial aid during this reign of terror: nor need those institutions fear to give it—looking of course to good securities and shorter periods. The present scarcity arises naturally from the previous facilities in converting very long paper into money at a low interest: a competition had taken place among the lenders until their means—capital, deposit, circulation—became so invested as not to become immediately convertible. Specie went abroad because it is not in present use at home—for it is against its laws to remain long idle—and our Banks at length find their deposits called for, their circulation returned to the counter, and their capital for the time being beyond their reach. This revolution has been of frequent occurrence in our market, and will inevitably happen again. In ordinary times failures occur; the money market gets relieved from a class of importunate borrowers, and soon becomes regular again. It is a nine days wonder, and no one minds it. But now that in the dispensations of Providence we are visited with a disease that has driven thousands and tens of thousands in unaccountable fright from our goodly city, the usual course of business and its facilities are entirely suspended, and our people require the steady countenance and firm support of the monied institutions, who, looking with reasonable care to good securities, can safely extend the moderate aid required. Pray insert these crude remarks, if worth the space, and oblige A LOOKER-ON.

CURIOSITIES OF YORK PRISON.—The strongest peculiarity of this prison was a sort of theives wardrobe, arranged with real elegance, like the wardrobe of a theatre. A gaoler whose head was considerably overloaded with drink, stammered out the following explanation:—"Here you see the wigs of the famous Granby, which disguised him so, that for 10 years he could never be caught. He was hanged here in 1786. Here is the stake with which George Naylor was knocked down 2 years ago on the road to Doncaster. He was hanged here last spring. Here is Stephen's knock down, with which he killed six people at once. He was hanged here also two years ago. Here are the enormous iron leg bolts, the only thing that would hold Fitzpatrick. He escaped seven times out of the strongest prisons; but these leg bolts, which I fastened on him myself, were a little too heavy for him. [They were complete beams of iron which a horse could have hardly dragged along.] He did not wear them long, for two months afterwards, on the first of May—a beautiful morning it was—he was sent to another world.

A nobleman having presented King Charles II. with a fine horse, his majesty bid Killigrew, the jester, tell him what was its age; upon which the jester examined the animal's tail. "What are you doing?" said the king; "that is not the place to find out his age." "Oh, sir," said Killigrew, "your majesty knows one should never look a gift horse in the mouth."

EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—The increasing interest that every man feels in the discoveries lately made in Africa and in those contemplated, induces us to notice the following paragraph from a London paper.

LAUNCH OF THE QUORRA.—On Saturday the steamer, intended for an expedition up the Niger, the object of which has already excited so much interest in the trading and scientific world, was launched at Woodside, from the yard of Seddon and Leadly, the builders: the vessel was contracted for early in May and has been launched with unexampled expedition. She is in every respect well adapted to the object which the spirited proprietors have in view, viz. exploring the immense resources of the interior of Africa, under the suggestion of these intelligent and celebrated travellers, the Messrs. Lander. The fitting up of the engines of this vessel, which has been called the Quorra, after the name of that river, destined, we trust, to be the scene of new disclosures, which will add to the science, the power and the wealth of Britain, will occupy about three weeks or a month.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kuypers, ISAAC I. GREENWOOD, Dentist, to Miss MARY MCKAY, both of this city.

FALL RACES.
Over the Union Course.

THE Fall Races over this Course will take place the first week of October next. The purses will be run for on the second, third, and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two, and four miles. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for:

Poststake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs.; four years 104 lbs.; five years 114 lbs.; six years 121 lbs.; aged 126 126 lbs.: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, mile heats—colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off on the 2d of October, and to close Sept. 10th. Three subscribers or no race.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 150 dollars each, 50 dollars forfeit, mile heats; colts 90 lbs; fillies 87 lbs: 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off Oct. 3d; five subscribers; closed June 1st, 1832.

Sweepstakes, all ages, 300 dollars each, half forfeit, two mile heats; to carry weight as in the poststakes above: to come off October 4th, and to close on the 10th of September next: three entries or no race.

Gentlemen who wish to subscribe to either of the above stakes which yet remain open, will please to signify the same in person, or by letter addressed to the undersigned.

C. R. COLDEN, *Clerk of the Course.*
Union Course, Jamaica, N. Y.

DUTCHESS CO. RACES.

THE Fall Races over the Dutchess County Course will commence on Tuesday, October 2d, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, two miles out, for 300 dollars each, 100 dollars forfeit; six subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Second day, at 12 o'clock, one mile heats, purse 100 dollars, free for any colt, three years old or under, bred in the counties of Dutchess or Columbia.

At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse 300 dolls.

Third day, at 2 o'clock, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

Poughkeepsie, July 9, 1832.

JOCKEY-CLUB RACES.
Lancaster, Penn.

THE Fall Races for 1832, over the Hamilton Course (near Lancaster) will commence on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year olds, 100 dollars entrance, half forfeit: to close on the first day of September.

Same day, a purse of 100 dollars, mile heats: entrance 25 dollars, to be added to the purse. One horse must win three heats to be entitled to this day's purse.

Second day, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Third day three mile heats, purse 300 dollars.

Fourth day, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

The above purses are free for all horses carrying weight agreeably to the rules of the course.—All entries for the above colt's race must be made with EDWARD PARKER,
June 25th, 1832. Treasurer.

MATCH RACE
Over the Central Course
FOR $1000 A SIDE.

THE Celebrated mare ARIETTA, owned by Messrs. Johnson and Craig, and a grey horse from Kentucky, (supposed to be equal in speed to any horse in the U. States,) will run a match race over this course on the first Saturday in August next, one thousand yards, for $1000 a side, half forfeit, the forfeit already deposited in Bank to the order of the Judges—the Judges to be selected from the Maryland Jockey Club. The celebrity of the horses engaged in this race, cannot fail to excite great interest, and it is supposed it will be a great betting race.

J. M. SELDEN, Pr.
Of the Central Course, Baltimore.

CUSICK'S RACE COURSE
NEAR BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

FOUR Days racing, commencing on Tuesday 2d day of October next.

First day a purse of $50 two rounds and repeat. Entrance $5.

Second day, a purse of $75 three rounds and repeat. Entrance $7 50.

Third day a purse of $100 four rounds and repeat. Entrance $10.

Fourth day a handycap purse of $30 to be run for, the three best in five. Entrance $3.

The racing will be agreeable to the rules of Jones track Elizabethtown (Grave creek.) The proprietor pledges himself to have the track in complete order.

Mt. Vernon Trotting Course.
Race, Two Mile Heats for
FOR TROTTING HORSES ONLY.

A Purse will be contended for on THURSDAY, July 19 by Horses of the above description only, to commence at 5 o'clock. No Horse to be allowed to go but those as near a speed as can be selected by the Judges, who will be gentlemen of judgment and experience, and will know those horses who are unfit to enter: this is the course that will be pursued for the future.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.

It is the particular desire of the Sporting circle that the Purse may be hereafter collected at the Gate in the following manner:—Every horse will pay on going into the Course, and the receipts of the same to be kept exclusively for the Purses. No collection to be made on the Course as heretofore.

N. B. Matches every Thursday until notice is given to the contrary in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The results will be given weekly in the same paper.

Savannah Jockey Club.
COLT'S SWEEPSTAKE.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Sec'y.*

OCEAN HOUSE,
At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above HOUSE, under the superintendence of Mr. LAWRENCE STILLMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the OCEAN, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries, during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze,* and of *Sea* or *River Bathing.*

A STEAMBOAT leaves New-York every day for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 7 o'clock, P. M.

BOATS, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

Fishing and Fowling Tackle STORE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 114-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk worm Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st, cor. New-st, opposite the Church
*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

TO SPORTSMEN
OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on their business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 19 JAMES MOORE.

To Sportsmen.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast, and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and service to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

To Sportsmen.
CHEAP FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

Hardware & Fishing Tackle STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

ALSO, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

CURE for the Gout and Rheumatism.—Medicated oil Silk for sale at
L. MORANGE & DAVIS,
105 William street.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

THE public are respectfully informed that the Garden is open for the season. As it has been the wish of the proprietor to make the Garden a fashionable and agreeable place of resort for the respectable part of the community, he hopes that the decorations, embellishments, and general regulations will be such as to render it worthy their patronage.

The Green House Plants are in the most healthy state and the largest collection of any public or private garden in the city. The Beds and Borders are highly ornamented with annuals, perennials, exotics, herbaceous and aquatic plants.

The embellishments have been got up without regard to expense: The paintings, classical, ornamental and transparent, are by the best artists, viz: Messrs. Walker, Jones, Jackson, Grue, James and Son, Hannington, and others.

The South Garden is laid out and lighted in a superior style to that of any preceding season.—The Grand Walk and its magnificent illuminated Arches, so much admired last season, far exceed its former beauty; they are supported by twenty-four illuminated Lyres, entwined with Wreaths of flowers of the most lively hues. The effect is heightened by a correct perspective continuation of the extremity of the walk, which carries the bewildered eye through an illuminated Arcade fitted up with Egyptian Vases, filled with flowers. Still farther, resting on beauties the distance only decreases to increase the effect of the magic scene.

The commencement of the walk is decorated with a superb Mirror of more than 200 square feet, so artfully arranged as to repeat the grandeur of the walk, and cause pleasing reflections to the admiring spectator.

The many thousand variegated lamps, tastefully arranged, apparently turns night to day—splendid Chinese Lanterns peep from among the trees—Vases of Flowers, the brilliant colors of which mock reality—supporters for variegated cut glass Globes, lighted with pure oil. Gas made on the premises.

The North Garden has been laid out entirely different, with considerable improvements. Orange and Lemon Trees, large Cape Jessamines, and Flowering Magnolias, form a complete grove, studded with pyramids of exotic and other plants. The whole is tastefully lighted up with Oil Gas, proceeding from twelve splendid pedestals, which have a most imposing appearance.

Suns, Glories, and Stars of variegated Lamps, also Chinese Lanterns, which shed a soft, beautiful, and chastened lustre over the meandering walks below them.

For the better and more effective display of the FIREWORKS this season, (which from various improvements in colors, procured from extremely rare materials discovered and imported by Mr. Feuchtwanger, Chemist, the Artist feels confident will be superior to any hitherto exhibited.)

A Fortress has been erected, from the battlements of which the various pieces will be fired.—Looking through the inner court of the Castle is seen a distant view of Mount Vesuvius, during the awful eruption of 1810.

In the north corner of this Garden is a splendid Painting, by Mr. Walker, late Artist at the Park Theatre. It represents a view of the ruins of a Gothic Chapel by moonlight, the distant view is Howth Light-house, Dublin, in Ireland. In the south corner is another splendid Painting by the same artist—it is a view in Venice, embracing the Ducal Palace and Terrace of Borregio, covering 5000 square feet of canvass.

The Grand Military Band which is full and effective, will delight the company every evening with a musical entertainment, worthy the approbation and applause they received last year from the thousands who heard them. When the evenings are at all cool, the Saloon can be enclosed and made comfortable to those who are afraid of the night-air.

Mr. Joseph L. Hays and other officers will be in attendance to preserve good order, and keep out all improper persons.

☞ Tickets of admission 12 1-2 cents.

A limited number of Season Tickets will be disposed of. For terms, apply at the Garden.

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WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes. do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and rods, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) fine and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

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Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, flatfish, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. comprising a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

LOST

IN the afternoon of Friday the 13th inst. a RED MOROCCO WALLET, containing fifteen dollars, $10 on the United States Bank, and $5 on the Bank of New-York. The finder, by leaving it at this office, will be rewarded for his trouble.

July 14, 1832.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

PAINTINGS.

THE celebrated Collection of Paintings, for fifteen years known in Paris as the *De Satreville Collection,* is now publicly exhibited at the new Gallery, No. 271 Broadway, (entrance in Chambers-street.)

It will present to the admiration of connoisseurs and amateurs, master-pieces of the first order from among the four schools.—Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French, by Raphael, Titiano, Paul Veronese, Caricci, Guercino, Francesco, Biola, Fra-Bartolomeo, Carlo Dolce, Diego Velasquez, Murillo, Ruben's and Daniel Segheri, Rembrandt, Cuyp, Sneyders, de Koninch, Peniers, Claude Lorrain, Van Dyck, Lessiaur, &c. with a supplement of several fine Paintings, by or after Guido, Caravaggio, Pomarancio, Casali, lately brought from Rome, by the Rt. Rev. D. D.——

Admittance 25 cents—Children half price—Quarterly Tickets $1.

Catalogues, explicative and historical, 36 pp. in 18mo, 12 1-2 cts.

The room is open from 8 o'clock until dusk.

THE TWO HARES, by Paulus Potter.—This celebrated and wonderful picture is publicly exhibited in the back room of the Satreville's Gallery, Chamber-street.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price—quarter

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

I'D BE A PARODY.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

I'd be a parody, made by a ninny,
On some little song with a popular tune,
Not worth a half-penny, sold for a guinea,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon,
I'd never sigh for the sense of a Pliny,
(Who cares for sense at St. James's in June?)
I'd be a parody, made by a ninny,
And sung in the Strand by the light of the moon

Oh, could I pick up a thought or a stanza,
I'd take a flight on another bard's wings,
Turning his rhymes into extravaganza,
Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!
When a Poll-parrot can croak the cadenza
A nightingale loves, he supposes he sings!
Oh, never mind, I will pick up a stanza—
Laugh at his harp, and then pilfer its strings!

What though you tell me each metrical puppy
Might make of such parodies *two score a day*,
Mocking-birds think they obtain for each copy
Paradise plumes for the parodied lay:—
Ladder of fame! if man can't reach the top, he
Is right to sing just as high up as he may;
I'd be a parody, made by a puppy,
Who makes of such parodies two pair a day!

GLEANINGS,

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for fire-works for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his mistress, keeping her behind him, shielding her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror, and peril, every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said —"my strength fails—I can go no further." "There is yet a way," cried the lover, in despair: "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves redoubles his ardor and strength. He resists the most violent concussions: with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd: at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burthen, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns around—it was a different person! another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation: his beloved was no more!

* * * * * * *

The empress Maria Theresa was left a widow at an age when her beauty was yet striking. She was secretly informed of a scheme projected by her three principal ministers to make themselves agreeable to her; of a compact made between them that the losers should not suffer themselves to be infected with any feelings of jealousy towards him who should be fortunate enough to gain his sovereign's heart; and they had sworn that the successful one should be always the friend and support of the other two. The empress, being well assured of this fact, one day, after the breaking up of the council over which she had presided, turned the conversation upon the subject of women, female sovereigns, and the duties of their sex and rank; and then applying her general reflections to herself in particular, she told them she hoped to guard herself all her life against weaknesses of the heart; but that if ever an irresistible feeling should make her alter her resolution, it should be only in favor of a man proof against ambition, not engaged in state affairs, accustomed and attached only to a private life, and its calm enjoyments—in a word, if her heart should betray her so far as to lead her to love a man invested with any important office, from the moment he should discover her sentiments he should be contented to resign his place and his influence with the public. This was sufficient: the three ministers, more ambitious than gallant, gave up their projects for ever.

* * * * * * *

Franklin appeared at the French court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. Franklin, who, to the reputation of a natural philosopher, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. At one of these entertainments, the most beautiful woman out of three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. When the news of his death arrived in Paris, in 1790, a society of printers met in an apartment of the Cordeliers convent, to celebrate a funeral festival in honor of the American philosopher. His bust was elevated upon a column in the middle of the room.—Upon the head was placed a civic crown; below the bust were compositor's cases, a press, and other emblems of the art which the sage had cultivated. While one printer was pronouncing an eulogium upon Franklin, workmen were printing it; and the speech, composed as fast as uttered, was pulled off and copiously distributed among the spectators brought together by this novel entertainment.

* * * * * * *

During the American war, a general officer in the service of the United States advanced with a score of men under the English batteries to reconnoitre their position.—His aid-de-camp, struck by a ball, fell at his side. The officers and orderly dragoons fled precipitately. The general, though under the fire of the cannon, approached the wounded man to see whether he had any signs of life remaining, or whether any help could be afforded him. Finding the wound had been mortal, he turned his eyes away with emotion, and slowly rejoined the group which had got out of the reach of the pieces. This instance of courage and humanity took place at the battle of Monmouth. General Clinton, who commanded the English troops, knew that the Marquis de la Fayette generally rode a white horse; it was upon a white horse that the general officer who entered so slowly was mounted: Clinton desired the gunners not to fire. This noble forbearance probably saved M. de la Fayette's life, for it was he himself. At that time he was but twenty-two years of age.

New-York Mirror.

Trelawney's "Adventures of a Younger Son" appears to have obtained a more extensive and abiding popularity than any romance which has recently been laid before the novel-reading community. As a picture of the wild and desperate life of the outlaws of the ocean, and as affording a striking view of the scenery and manners which are to be met with in the countries bordering on the Indian Ocean—a region yet little explored by novelists—its merits are universally conceded.—We subjoin an extract which gives a fair specimen of the author's descriptive powers:

A FURIOUS HORSE.

"My first impression of its being some one in pursuit subsided on discovering that I was between it and the tower. I endeavored to distinguish what it was, but all I could see was a silvery cloud of sand rising in a bright circle, and a dark object, at intervals, discernible. I mounted, and galloped towards it. As I advanced, I saw it was a horse, running incessantly in a round. I went on, and amid the clouds of sand, I saw that the lunging and plunging of the horse was every instant more violent. My own threw up his crest, replied to his loud neighings, and pressed on; but, on approaching the object, my astonishment was raised to the highest pitch at a voice hailing me, and at beholding a man, in cavalry uniform, half covered with sand, while the sweat and blood were trickling down from his close cropped poll to his forehead and face. I shouted out—"What is the matter?" when the horse came towards me. His large eye and expanded nostrils were of deep crimson, and the blood from several gashes on his head, neck, and flanks, mingled with the white foam on his bright black skin. With erect mane and tail, and open mouth, he came to within a few yards of me. I pulled up, and drew my sabre. He then wheeled round, and, making several circles within each other in rapid motion, he flung out his hind legs at the prostrate soldier, whose sword defended him with difficulty. The horse endeavored to avoid being cut by alertness and rapidity. The saddle and housings, lying by the man, in some measure protected him. On being foiled in striking with his hind feet, the horse turned round short on his haunches, and, with startling ferocity, plunged in head foremost, like a tiger, striking with his fore feet right out, and even trying to get hold of the man with his teeth.

Here was a revolution,—the horse attempting to kill his rider, and using his armed hoofs against his head! In compliance with my spirit of freedom, I should have aided the horse, or remained neuter; but instinct impelled me to side with the biped. Pushing in to the rescue, I endeavored to get between the two, but it was no easy matter; for the horse made no attack on me; on the contrary, he used every effort to avoid my interference. I hallooed, and tried to drive him off. He retreated a hundred yards, when as once or twice I was dismounting to succor the apparently exhausted man, he returned to the charge. However, from exertion and loss of blood, he waxed weak and less wary; so that, after many abortive attempts, I succeeded in ham-stringing him. He now gave one loud bellow, and strove, with a staggering gait, to gallop off, frequently falling. I followed, and had several cuts at him, till, faint from loss of blood, he fell, unable to rise.

I left him there, and went back to the man, who seemed in little better condition than the horse. All I could distinguish, in answer to my speaking to him, was—"Water!—water!"—but I had none, nor was there any near us. The man's mouth was clotted, almost cemented, with blood and sand; I wiped it and his nostrils with my jacket. Partly by signs, and partly by words, he directed me to open the holsters on his saddle. I did so, and found old Falstaff's substitute for a pistol, a bottle—not indeed of sack, but of arrack. I gave him some, and rubbed his face and head with the remainder. This restored him, when I asked him to get up and ride my horse, till we should arrive at some hut. He waved his hand, and said,

"No! I have had enough of horses today."

"Well, will you walk?"

"How can I?" he replied: "my leg and my left arm are cracked; or you would not have found me beaten by that brute. If you had not come up, he would have finished me. I was nearly done. I never heard of such a thing before, though I have been a rough rider to the regiment for sixteen years, and crossed all sorts and breeds of cross-grained cattle. Never, till now, could one throw me from his back, without rearing, on a clean field. Then to come in upon me, like a wild beast, with hoof and tooth!—he must be mad. I hope you have killed him."

Dungaree was the nearest village. I mounted, rode thither, pressed a palanquin into service, and returned to the soldier. He was in great pain, but calmer. He told me that the horse belonged to the colonel of the regiment. He had been purchased, at a great price, of an Arab; was quiet at first, but afterward became so vicious and violent that none could mount him. "I," he continued, "undertook to tame him, or kill him. I have done my best. I tried in vain to work down his mettle; he was not to be beaten. Deprived of his food, he was only the more furious, and watched, with wonderful cunning, every occasion of kicking and biting me. Once he got hold of me by the back, and lifted me into his manger; and if I had not been tolerably strong, and assisted by others, he would have killed me. Whenever I rode him, he used every artifice to throw me; which he had never been able to achieve till to-day, when, by violent lungings and lashings out, he worked the saddle down to his loins, and, in that situation, set off at full speed, and succeeded in shaking me off. As I was lying doubled up, he broke my arm, and I believe my leg. Then, after going a short distance, he stopped, and wheeled round to renew the blow. I had, with great difficulty, drawn my sword; and till you, sir, came up, which was but a few minutes, he was attacking me in the way you found him. Though I had wounded him with my sabre in many places, the monster only grew more savage. I was frightened more at his looks than at any thing else; and I do verily believe, sir, he was the devil."

THE DESERTED CHILDREN:

A REAL INCIDENT.

In the autumn of 1823, a man was descending the Ohio river, with three small children, in a canoe. He had lost his wife, and in the emigrating spirit of our people, was transporting his all to a new country, where he might again begin the world. Arriving, towards evening, at a small island, he landed them, with the intention of encamping for the night. After remaining a short time, he determined to visit the opposite shore, for the purpose, probably, of purchasing provisions; and, telling his children that he would soon return to them, he paddled off, leaving them alone on the island. Unfortunately, he met on the shore with some loose company, who invited him to drink. He became intoxicated, and in attempting to return to the island in the night was drowned. The canoe floated away, and no one knew of the catastrophe until the following day.

The poor, deserted children, in the mean while, wandered about the uninhabited island, straining their little eyes to get a glimpse of their father. Night came, and they had no fire, nor food—no bed to rest upon, and no parent to watch over them. The weather was extremely cold, and the eldest child, though but eight years of age, remembered to have heard that persons who slept in the cold were sometimes chilled to death. She continued, therefore, to wander about; and, when the younger children were worn out with fatigue and drowsiness, and ready to drop into slumber, she kept them awake with amusing or alarming stories. At last, nature could hold out no longer, and the little ones, chilled and aching with cold, threw themselves on the ground. Then their sister sat down; and spreading out her garments as wide as possible, drew them on her lap, and endeavored to impart the warmth of her own bosom, as they slept sweetly on her arms.

Morning came, and the desolate children sat on the shore, weeping bitterly. At length, they were filled with joy by the sight of a canoe approaching the island; but they soon discovered that it was filled with Indians: their delight was changed into terror, and they fled into the woods. Believing that the savages had murdered their father, and were now come to seek for them, they crouched under the bushes, hiding in breathless fear, like a brood of young partridges.

The Indians, having kindled a fire, sat down around it, and began to cook their morning meal; and the eldest child, as she peeped out from her hiding-place, began to think that they had not killed their father.—She reflected, too, that they must inevitably starve, if left on this lone island; while, on the other hand, there was a possibility of being kindly treated by the Indians. The cries, too, of her brother and sister, who had been begging piteously for food, had pierced her heart, and awakened all her energy. She told the little ones, over whose feeble minds her fine spirit had acquired an absolute sway, to get up and go with her; then taking a hand of each, she fearlessly led them to the Indian camp-fire. Fortunately, the savages understood our language; and when the little girl had explained to them what had occurred, they received the deserted children kindly, and conducted them to the nearest of our towns, where they were kept by some benevolent people, until their own relations claimed them.

Philadelphia Casket.

Thatched Cottage Garden,

JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

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PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also Guineas, Halves and Thirds. S. J. SYLVESTER.

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THE Subscriber having removed from the Union Coffee House, 43 William street, to the more desirable location of the Washington Coffee House, solicits the continuance and patronage of his former friends and customers, who may rely upon his wonted exertions to give general satisfaction.

The bar is provided with the best of wines and liquors omnifarious. Coffee, Tea, and refreshments to be had at all hours. Wm. HIGG,
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Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

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FOREIGN and American Agency Office. The above office is open at No. 5 Division street, (near Chatham-square,) for the purpose of affording to Foreigners, arriving and resident in the United States, a Daily Register of the names and occupations of all the Passengers arriving from all foreign ports, thereby enabling them to find their relatives and friends, immediately after their arrival; also, will attend to the agency of receiving and forwarding, to or from all foreign port, goods, packages, money, &c.; also, will give to those who wish to emigrate to the Western Country or Upper Canada, a correct statement of the rates to different places, quality of soil, price of Improved or Uncultivated Lands, the cheapest and best way of Emigration.

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